

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 8.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Oct. 23, 1890.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

REMNANT SALE DURING SEPTEMBER AT C. O. FOLTZ

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:28 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 1, 12:30 A. M.
Reference mark - Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily between Chicago and Waukegan, except the Milk train, Nos. 8 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 4:58 A. M.
No. 4, 11:58 A. M.
No. 6, 8:47 P. M.
No. 10, 7:35 A. M.

**L. W. LEWIS,
JEWELER,
AT C. O. FOLTZ,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.**

DISCIPLE CHURCH,
Regular services will be held at the Disciple Church every Sunday. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Elder Holloman. Sunday School at 10:15 A. M.

Antioch Home News.

The wild duck crop promises to be a light one this year.

J. C. James Jr. went to Chicago Thursday last on business.

Remember the News office is the place to get your Auction bills printed.

Harber Hodge and Wm. Burke of this village went to Genoa one day last week.

C. E. Harvey, of Chicago was out at the lakes for a hunt during the past week.

The rains of the past week have considerably delayed fall work in this vicinity.

Racine is soon to have electric motors and will run its street cars by electricity.

The Wisconsin Central delivered a number of car loads of coal at this village recently.

The members of the Modern Woodmen will not be assessed for the month of October.

Harry Thacker of Lake Villa has closed out his mercantile establishment in that place.

Chas. Kittredge, formerly of the firm Thacker & Kittredge, was in our village on Friday last.

H. Hadlock has been helping put on the tin roof on Williams Bros. store during the past week.

Do not fail to examine the elegant display of silverware now in stock at the jewelry department of L. W. Lewis.

The Antioch News and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal*, to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

Call and examine the complete and elegant line of watches and chains etc. at L. W. Lewis' jewelry counter, in C. O. Foltz' store.

The Antioch brick yard has on hand a large quantity of excellent brick which will be sold in quantities to suit at lowest market prices.

A complete assortment of jewelry always on hand in the jewelry department of L. W. Lewis in C. O. Foltz' store. Prices always reasonable.

There will be an Oyster Supper at the residence of H. Thacker on Friday evening Oct 24th, for the benefit of the Centennial Church Sunday School Library. All are cordially invited to come.

"Uncle" Rob Potter started for York State, on Monday last where he will probably remain for the future. His many acquaintances in this village will miss his genial smile and pleasant word.

An "exchange" informs us that while John C. Spooner was speaking in Burlington recently, he was presented with a number of ancient eggs by some individual who did not like the twist of his argument.

Subscribe for the News and get the best paper in the County.

Jacob Savage of Hickory made our office a pleasant call Wednesday.

Mrs. Elliott moved into her new house on Main St. during the past week.

The lath work in Williams Bros. store is nearly finished and the building will soon be ready for the plasterers.

Extensive improvements will be made at the Gifford place on Channel Lake during the coming season. G. W. Gifford, G. H. Gifford and F. B. Gifford have taken out a corporation license to operate a hotel. Their capital stock is \$20,000.

There will be a dancing party at the Kines House, Fox Lake, Friday Oct. 24th. Good music will be supplied and also a good supper. Tickets \$1.50. Come one! Come all and bring your ladies.

SNYDER & JOHNSON, Prop's.

The ball at Rogers hall was not as largely attended as was expected owing to the bad condition of the roads and the fact that a number of other dances have taken place throughout the surrounding country quite recently. All in attendance had a very enjoyable time.

Some people are inclined to believe that the money received by the different Orchestras throughout the country is so much clear profit to the members. A different view of the subject may be taken when it is learned that one orchestra alone, the Waukegan, has paid more than \$100 for music during the spring season.

The concert at the M. E. church was quite largely attended and those present were not disappointed in the performers on the different instruments. Taken all together it was well worth the small admission price charged and hopes are entertained that we will be favored with a repetition of the same in the near future.

We don't like to touch the subject "sidewalks" but there are a few places entirely without walks and others in which the walks are so badly broken that they are little better than nothing; that ought to be fixed at once. The places thus situated are so few that it seems a shame to see ladies compelled to walk through mud and water when a few—a very few—planks would remedy the evil.

On Thursday of last week occurred the death of Mrs. J. Van Slyke, wife of editor Van Slyke of the *McHenry Plaindealer*. We extend sympathy to brother Van Slyke in his sad affliction. Twice within a very short period of time has the grim messenger, death, entered his happy home and snatched from it's shelter a loved one and none but those who have experienced the bitterness of such a parting can realize the misery it contains.

At times the "Atmosphere" of this village exerts a powerful effect on the muscular system of some of our young men. During this peculiar state of the "air" the said young men lose almost completely the power of locomotion and their only desire seems to be to keep the rugged walls of some stately building from toppling over in the streets. When they find it necessary to change the above position for a more favorable, if not a more serviceable one, you can see by their wavering undecided gait, the depressing effect this great evil has upon their whole system. Let us hope that a few vigorous measures on the part of our State Legislature will remove from the atmosphere this peculiar property it now possesses, and thus make it possible for our boys to venture down our streets without danger of an attack from this very, very peculiar malady.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Hoy, rejoice in the advent of a boy baby of recent birth.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry Brogan have moved into the house recently vacated by Mrs. Elliott.

William Ramaker has sold two lots in Petite Park to Chicago parties. Consideration \$400.

Read the new ad. of Montgomery and Story, in another column, and call and see the boys when you need any thing in their line.

Edd Cannon and daughter Laura, of Racine, were visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cannon, the fore part of the week.

Mrs. H. Tecker, of Lincoln, Nebraska, is visiting with friends in this locality and will visit in Chicago and Joliet, before returning home.

The News is indebted to Lewis Cannon, for an enormous pumpkin, weighing 53 pounds, and measuring 5 feet 2 inches in circumference. If we don't fatten on pumpkin pie, it will be because we work too hard to get fat on any kind of food.

Ben Stone of Wilmet has rented the store occupied by S. B. Russell as a hardware store and will put in a general line of merchandise. Mr. Russell will move his stock to his warehouse across the street and will continue in his line of business.

Mr. C. B. Gaines of Bristol returned home from his eastern trip Saturday and reports times rather dull in the eastern States. He says crops of all kinds have been almost a total failure there the past season, and farmers are as a rule complaining of hard times. In his opinion the eastern States are not a desirable place to live.

The village school is progressing nicely under the able management of Mr. H. Jamison. There is however one serious obstacle to contend with, and that is a lack of room. Let us hope that the present school building will not be destined to remain much longer a source of annoyance, rather than a benefit, to both teacher and scholars, but that a new and more commodious one will be erected in its stead.

DIED.

Howard, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Dardis, died at their home in Antioch, Ill., on Thursday, October 9th, of hemorrhage of the bowels, aged five months.

Mr. and Mrs. Dardis have the deepest sympathy of their many friends in Union Grove and surrounding country.

Angel faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my sleep,
And upon the winds of midnight, shining pinions round me sweep.
Floating downward on the starlight one bright infant form I see,
He is mine, my own bright darling, come from heaven to visit me

Time may steal away the freshness, or some wheeling grief destroy
All the hope that erst had blossomed, in my summer-time of joy;
Earthly children may forsake me, earthly friends perhaps betray,
Every tie that now unites me to this life may pass away:

But, unchanged, those angel watchers, from their blessed, immortal home,
Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness of my darkened dreams shall come,
And I cannot feel forsaken, for, though left of earthly love,
Angel Howard will call me "mother" and my soul will look above.

Union Grove Enterprise.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

The race course that was to be is not to be.

Mrs. Sill has gone to visit her daughter Mrs. Larson of Antioch.

Mr. Marsh is busy making improvements on his lately purchased property.

They say we have the greatest number of fashionable people on the South side. We say we have the greatest number of bond holders on the North side.

Mr. Gannon has returned from an extended visit among friends and relatives in Chicago.

Our school is progressing finely, still the number of pupils increase from outside the district.

Will you walk into my parlor said Miss M— to Mr. T—, 'tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did see. The way into my parlor is up a little stair, and I've many pretty things to show you when there.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.
No. 1.... 12:45 a. m.
No. 3.... 10:30 P. M.
No. 5.... 6:14 P. M.
No. 7.... 10:43 a. m.
No. 9.... 7:50 P. M.

SOUTH.
No. 2.... 4:58 a. m.
No. 4.... 11:58 a. m.
No. 6.... 8:47 P. M.
No. 8.... 11:53 a. m.
No. 10.... 7:35 A. M.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday nights. Through tickets furnished at lowest rates. For further information enquire of Agent. GEORGE SHAYER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

The people of Trevor are satisfied with the rain for the present.

Miss Bell Graves went to Antioch Friday to visit friends there.

Mr. George Barhyte visited his parents in Trevor on Sunday.

Mr. Graves had a pleasant visit from friends Saturday. They have now returned.

A gentleman from Nebraska reports a cold wave and predicts snow in the near future.

The superintendent of the stock yards, Mr. Curtis has returned from a trip to Milwaukee.

Mr. Prior, of Chicago, was a guest at D. C. Stewarts while grading wool for the Boston market.

Pardon Yaw returned from Minneapolis, last Tuesday, where he has been to visit his adopted daughter.

Mr. Ketchum started for Washington for another train load of sheep, last Sunday. Will be gone two or three weeks at least.

Mr. and Miss Maggie Williams of Paris, Wis. attended the dance at Rogers' hall, Antioch, last Friday evening. Mr. Prior, of Chicago, was there also.

The politicians have been quite busy the past week, several of them calling at the Cleveland House, and the two candidates for sheriff both passing the night there.

D. C. Stewart is still in the wool market. He loaded a car for Boston Saturday last and will make another consignment in a few days. He is paying the highest market price.

Mr. Lee stopped at the hotel of Mr. Barhyte. He had some superior sheep and shipped a large quantity to Chicago. He will soon return to Montana for a still larger number.

The foreman of the bridge repairers for the Wis. Cent. R. R. engaged board at the Cleveland House, for the time he will be engaged in the vicinity. He is a very genial gentleman.

Mr. Howard shipped the largest car load of wool last Thursday, ever sent from this place, over eighty sacks. He is in town to-day ready to receive wool from several parties already engaged.

Mr. Howard and his wife and mother paid Trevor a visit last week. The ladies stopped at the Cleveland Hotel while Mr. Howard was out circulating among the farmers buying wool for his home manufactory.

The R. R. Co is about to make extensive improvements to its already nice yards by covering them with a grand roof containing sky-lights so that there will be plenty of light and every thing will be kept dry. The Company is bound to give its patrons the best accommodations that can be made.

Charley Taylor and wife, of Evanston, were the guests of Mrs. D. C. Stewart Friday and Saturday of last week.

Master John Barhyte has taken up school again this morning, having been interrupted herding sheep for two weeks.

SILVER LAKE NEWS.

What was it about that lantern, Harvey, and your lunch basket.

Mr. F. H. Schenning bought two hundred bushels of potatoes up north.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunning of Madison visited at Mr. B. D. Dunning's recently.

Mrs. Harvey Harding and daughter of Washington are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Call.

Mr. H. Smith and lady and Mr. W. Flusmyre and lady attended the dance at Burlington Thursday night.

Mrs. Nelson of Chicago caught a pike in Silver Lake last week weighing six pounds. Who can beat that?

Tom Hilyer must have given up all hope of ever getting married for he has pulled down the old log house.

Dr. M. F. Irwin, Mr. F. C. Irwin and daughter and Mrs. Clark, all of Chicago have been visiting at Mr. John C. Cogswell's.

Mr. H. Blum has rented a house of Mr. H. Karow and intends to move to the lake in a short time where he will keep a first class boot & shoe store. Any one wishing any thing in that line will do well to call on him.

HAINESVILLE NOTES.

The Woodmen's Dance at Gray's Lake last week was a success numerically socially and financially.

Elder and Mrs. Owen returned from their Kansas visit on Tuesday last. Mrs. Augusta Gilber returned on the same day from a long visit to Canada.

The Methodist church of Hainesville will hold a fair and give a New England Supper at Lyceum Hall on Friday evening Oct. 24th for the benefit of the church.

Our Board of Registry met at Hainesville on Oct. 14th and registered all known voters in the township and will meet again on Tuesday, Oct. 28th at the same place to correct the Register. Any information about the registry can be obtained of John A. Isbester, Lake Villa, A. W. Harvey, Gray's Lake, Clarence Woolley, Gages Lake or S. W. Marvin Town Clerk.

Died at her residence in the town of Avon on Tuesday, October 14th, 1890, Mrs. Corrianna Kapple wife of Albert Kapple aged 40 years. Mrs. Kapple was among the earliest settlers of the town. She leaves a husband, four sons and numerous grand-children to mourn her loss. Her funeral services were held at Gray's Lake school-house on Thursday last. Preaching by Rev. John P. Davis.

OLD FOEGY.

WADSWORTH.

Mrs. Lux is slowly on the gain. Professor Mills, of Antioch made the BLACKBIRD family a pleasant visit last week.

The editor of the BLACKBIRD took in Waukegan recently and came home sober. Good news from him.

Martin Lux will please accept thanks for those splendid potatoes, presented ye editor, nice in quality and flavor.

Miss Nettie Strang is home again from a vacation spent in Chicago and is ready to hand out the mail, love epistles and dunning letters etc.

W. H. Lee and family have moved to Waukegan.

Mike Traynor made his many friends a pleasant visit after three years absence.

CARD OF THANKS.

Dear kind friends, we wish to thank you for your kindness and sympathy during the sickness and burial of our dear little Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Dardis.

POTATOES FOR SALE.

I have for sale about 100 bushels of choice "Empire State" eating potatoes that were raised in northern Wisconsin, and are all sound and ripe, mealy and dry, and good flavor. For price etc. call on T. C. RICHARDSON, Antioch, Ill.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A farm for sale or rent, located in the town of Antioch, County of Lake, and State of Illinois, one and one half miles from Lake Villa station, one and one half miles from Fox Lake and adjoining a district School House. Time will be given purchaser if required. Apply to T. R. Crane, 149 North May Street, Chicago, or Thomas Wilton, Antioch, Ill.

FOR SALE.

The fine Clydesdale Stallion, ROYAL MONARCH.

6 years old, weighs 1000 lbs., stands sixteen hands high, sired by Fiscal dam by Border Chief. He is fine and stylish, and one of the best stock getters in the country. A valuable horse and a chance for some one; or will exchange for village property. Reason for selling, no place to keep him. Come early. E. J. Jones, P. O. Address, Antioch, Ill.

SECOND ANNUAL SALE.

OF SHORT HORNS

Thursday, Oct. 30, 1890 At

Frank Cole's Spring Grove, McHenry Co. Illinois.

40—HEAD—40

25 Grand Cows and Heifers, Springers

or Calves by their Side. Good Milkers.

15 Young Bulls Ready For Service.

None Better!

Terms of Sale

Notes payable six months after date,

without interest if paid when due; if not

paid when due to draw interest at 7 per

cent. per annum from date until paid.

The usual 2 per cent. discount for cash.

For Catalogues apply to

Frank Cole, Spring Grove,

or Fred Hatch, McHenry Co. Ill.

O. BECKINGTON, Auctioneer

FOR SALE:

A beautiful secluded location, situated in the town of Antioch, and one mile from the Antioch Depot, on the Wisconsin Central railroad, a fine little farm of sixty-nine (69) acres. Fine land all tillable, and adjoining that beautiful lake known as Cross Lake, part of said lake being in Illinois and part in Wisconsin. This will make one of the most secluded and beautiful resorts ever offered for sale in Lake County. Part Cash, balance on time if desired. Apply to E. S. Duck, 65 Congress Park, Chicago, or Thomas Wilton, Antioch, Ills.

BRAN,

MIDDLINGS,

—AND—

SCREENINGS,

IN CAR LOTS

AT CHICAGO WHOLESALE PRICES.

CHRISTIAN BRO'S. MILL CO'S

MINNEAPOLIS

FLOUR,

—FOR SALE—

AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

Williams Bros. ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.



She's fairer than a lily,
And she's sweeter than a rose,
And she looks like the garden hose,
When she winds the garden hose.

She lifts her skirts from danger
With her left hand, while her right
Grasps the nozzle, and the stranger
Gets a very pleasing sight.

For she's always fresh and rosy,
And she seems so sweet and fair,
As she sprinkles every passer-by
With the most impartial care.

The neighbors' eyes all twinkle
And their interest daily grows,
For they like to see her sprinkle,
And they like to see her hose.

—Somerville Journal.

EVERY ONE KNOWS HIM.

HIS NAME IS MR. PUBLIC NUISANCE
AND LIVES EVERYWHERE.

A Character Whose Wearisome Presence
but Few Persons Have Managed to
Avoid.

Public Nuisance is a creature of our democratic system of government. He was born years ago, and has lived to a green old age. And what is worse, there is little prospect of his immediate death. You have seen him. He is everywhere. He is as ubiquitous as the fool. Perhaps you have been walking along the street on a cool summer evening, looking at the big white stars and listening to the melody of stringed instruments, when you heard a splash upon the sidewalk, and looking upward, beheld a white face at a window.

You saw Public Nuisance. He had just emptied his face of a mouthful of tobacco juice. The world



THE PET DOO NUISANCE.

In his cuspidor. He expectorates everywhere and anywhere. In some countries Public Nuisance would be dragged to a police station for his playfulness, but here, in good old America, he is permitted to hoist his feet into the window of his boarding house, business office or work shop and squirt tobacco juice wherever he chooses.

You can tell when Public Nuisance is traveling with you on a train. He is always one of the last men out of bed in the sleeping car. The first thing he does is to take a drink of whiskey out of the glass standing at the hydrant. Then he fills one of the bowls with water, performs his ablutions, and walks away leaving the water in a soiled condition, where he had drawn it. Leaving the steam cars you find him traveling over the street railways, with his feet stretched across the aisle and his pungent, Guckenheimer breath rolling blithely over his shoulder and into your face. Sometimes he sings in the cars and cracks jokes taken from the stone age. Then he laughs heartily and calls out the names of streets half a mile beyond. Public Nuisance makes his home in the car. He is there most of the time, and sometimes he stands on the last step of the platform, and you have to trample over him to get into the van. At other times he sucks a cigarette on the front platform and blows a gust of blue house smoke through his nostrils, as he tells you that the weather is hot and full of humidity.

Then again you meet him on the street. He always turns to the left, and whistles "Annie Rooney" through his teeth. Sometimes he carries an umbrella at an angle, which permits its point to poke you in the neck, and at other times he goes along merrily shucking bananas and casting the husks upon the sidewalk. Public Nuisance is at the theatre now and then. He comes late, walks



THE NUISANCE AT THE THEATRE.
upon the feet of all the people in the aisle, and as the play goes on repeats in a loud voice to his friend the words of the comedian on the stage. Then when the curtain falls he stumbles over the same row of feet in his pilgrimage to the saloon, and later on comes back tramping over laps and legs, like a man, wading through weeks. After the show is over Public Nuisance stands in the entrance to the play house and eyes the women as they pass him. Sometimes a

big stout man bats him over the head with a cane or an umbrella, but that is all the good it does. You can't crack the skull of Public Nuisance with any such weapons as those. The better way to do it is to get him into a chancery and use an ax on him.

Public Nuisance eats. That is, he puts both feet in the trough, and makes a noise that sounds like a person rattling a set of castanets. He never uses a bridge to reach the bread or butter, but gleefully climbs up into his chair and stretches half of his length across the table in his effort to seize the food. Sometimes he turns round and coughs hoarsely into your coffee. Then, when he has had his fill, he has been known to employ his fingers in a systematic search among his teeth for vagrant bits of food. Public Nuisance sometimes feeds in the public parks. You can tell when he has been there. The grass is always decked



THE BACK-SLAPPING NUISANCE.
with biscuits, and there is pie on the seats and greasy paper bags in the pathway.

Once in a while you put on your black suit of clothes and walk in the early morning sunshine. The birds are singing, the sky is blue as turquoise, and you are almost effervescent in your joy. Then comes Public Nuisance from the mouth of an alley and dumps a box of ashes where the dust is sure to blow upon you. He never fails. He is always there. A black suit of clothes never escaped the bend with the ash box. The fellow is seen in other phases and in other places. He is always telling you what to do for the ringworm on your face and how to cure the sore throat you are lugging around with you in a dannel band. He had a ringworm and killed it in twenty minutes, and, as far as sore throat goes, he took the everlasting stitches out of one of the little remedies which he is always ready to give you.

Out at the base ball game Public Nuisance howls at the umpire and sweats his collar down before your eyes. He is intimately acquainted with all of the players, and talks lightly and continuously about Kelly, and Stovey, and Maginias, and Mulcahey. He is always talking issue with the visiting captain, and, now and then, adds zest to the game by rising in his seat and shaking his fist at the object of his displeasure. Public Nuisance, it will be seen, is in all walks of life. He is driving a load of brick in front of a street car when you want to catch a train; he pulls a cigar in the elevator and always gets off at the top story in the building, and he is running through a crowd to get upon a bridge that is swinging. In the hotels he is always standing beside the desk, scanning the names of guests as fast as they are registered. And, then again, he comes up behind you on the street, and playfully bangs his hand upon your back. He has been known to get drunk and upset ash barrels and yank nickel bells just for the fun of the thing, and at other times he takes considerable comfort in whipping a carpet where the wind will catch the dirt and blow it into your house. He is asking for a chew of tobacco, or wants to sell you a new-fangled lamp burner, or is telling you



IN THE RESTAURANT.

that you are looking badly this morning and ought to be doing something for yourself. He always has a pleasant word to say about your new hat, and likes to say these things:

Don't you look at me in that tone of voice.
If you hit me and I find it out it will go hard with you.
Oh, it is out of sight.
Cheese it.
Say, got another cigar in your pocket?
Hot enough for you?
Come again when you can't stay so long.

Just before he goes to bed Public Nuisance opens the window with a crash and coughs boisterously into the night, so that everybody in the neighborhood will know that he has reached home.

"The fellow is all around town. Doubtless you meet him at least three times a day in one place or another. He is a character, after all, and nobody knows just how we would get along if he were to be taken away from us."—Chicago Herald.

An Aztec City.

Another forgotten Toltec or Aztec city has been discovered in Mexico. It is located among the mountains of the state of Vera Cruz, and does not seem to have ever been visited in modern times except by Indians. Some of the buildings are four and five stories high, and the cornices and windows are skillfully worked out. The buildings are frescoed in colors that appear as bright as if just put on. Many inscribed slabs of stone are found.

A cooed boy eleven years of age, living in New Orleans, is a musical prodigy. Technically the boy knows no difficulties, and there seems no effect, no combination, too intricate or complicated for him to overcome with perfect ease.

ABALONE STORIES.

Where They Found a Little Shoe — The Grip of the Unlabeled.

There is a saloon on Kearney street, San Francisco, says a letter from that city to the N. Y. Tribune, which keeps in a showcase an abalone shell. It is large, about the size of a man's two outspread hands, and in the center a mass of pearly secretions take the shape of a baby's shoe. The story is that years ago a little child in Marion county wandered down to the beach, slipped in between the rocks, and was caught by the cruel mollusk, which closed against the tiny shoe and gripped it close to the rock. Years after, when every one but the mother had forgotten the story, and she sat by the fireside with grown-up daughters about her, some abalone fisher found the curious shell and put it on exhibition in the window of his cabin. There the mother saw it, and, hastening forward, brought the other little shoe, which she had found cast up by the tide on that dreadful day when she sought up and down the beach in vain for her child. They placed it beside the wrinkled shell, and every one uttered a cry of surprise, so startling was the resemblance. Afterward a chemist cut deftly into the bright nacre of the mass and found traces of leather wrapped in its shining folds. There the lost baby's little shoe lies hidden and changed to pearl.

The Chinese and Italian fishermen who live on sand-floored bays of the mighty cliffs of the coast from Cape Mendocino southward to Point Conception know the abalone thoroughly, and they never despise the muscular grip of a large one. They carry pointed bars of iron with which to pry them out the rocks at low tide; they cut them out of the half-shell, for the abalone is a "univalve mollusk," to use the phrase of the professor of natural history, and they bring them for dinner, or dry them for market. But they seldom venture to stoop in a cramped position down the rock crevices to pluck a giant abalone from his lair without having the iron handy. Three or four times the body of a drowned fisherman, who tried that once too often, has been swept ashore a day or two later, when the mollusk released its hold. Once, down at Point Sur, a Chinaman was drowned in this way, and the rest of the fishers in the village of black huts under the yellow cliff deserted the place within a week. They said that the ghost of the dead Chinaman had turned into an abalone and would seek another and another victim until the last of his comrades were dead. I rode by that day with a friend and saw them pile the dead Chinaman's clothes and belongings on the beach and burn them. Then they put a sign in Chinese on the top of the cliff, and, as I have heard, no Chinaman has ever since ventured to fish in that cove.

Polished abalone shells and ornaments made from the "buttons of pearl," which every large shell contains, are very common in California, but one sees little in these days of the old native California use of them on saddles and bridles. If a vaquero were too poor to sport pounds of silver on bridle-rein and saddle leather he could at least wear abalone buttons, polished by hand. The shells, too, were carried far inland, and used on hundreds of matches for such homely purposes as soap-dishes and candleholders. Up and down the coast, in willow copses, or set in seas of tule, are the ancient "Kitchen Mildens," where, mingled with clam and oyster shells, broken abalone shells often form the greater part of the vast mound of debris. Inland, too, in the valleys where Indians once lived, abalone shells are found, carried there ages ago. The abalone must have been one of the principal food-resources of the California seacoast Indians, and was probably exchanged by them for the acorns and pinenuts gathered by the Indians of the interior.

The abalone is fast disappearing. The Chinaman has conquered. The profits of the modest mollusk, when dried and shipped to China for the soap of the rich merchants and high official dignitaries of the empire, are so great that he is pursued summer and winter, and thousands of tons of him have been dried, sacked, and shipped away. There are but few large abalones left. One can find wave-worn shells on the beach or in the deep limestone caves that are larger than any now obtained. You will still find thousands of about the size and shape of a gentleman's watch crystal, but the shells that are eight inches across only turn up at rare intervals, and are much sought for by collectors and jewelers who know their beauty when polished. Their are two sorts of abalones on the California coast, one black on the outside, the other red. When this outer shell is ground partly through the effect is either black or red, as the case may be, on a pearly ground. The abalone pins and sleeve-buttons that contain green or blue shades come from the pearl buttons in the black-backed abalone, while those that contain silvery and green tints come from the buttons in the red-backed species.

Revolt Against Cigarettes.

Society is beginning to rebel against cigarette smoking, says the New York Times. To do away with cigarette smoking something more fashionable must be devised to take its place. One attempt was the smoking of imported cigarettes, but with the exception of the quality and the fact that the imported cigarettes cost ten times as much as the domestic ones, there was no improvement. It is hard for a man who has been accustomed to smoking cigarettes to change to the smoking of cigars. One of the great features of cigarette smoking is that their smoke is inhaled. Cigar smoking is different from cigarette smoking, and the man who has been used to inhaling cigarette smoke cannot get the same pleasure from the inhaling of cigar smoke. Neither is it as easy for him to inhale cigar smoke. Just as the odor of cigarettes offends most of the smokers of good cigars, so the odor of a good cigar is most repellant to the habitual smoker of cigarettes.

Fashion has devised a way to avoid cigarette smoking and to do away with it in a costly manner and one not so effective. It is a reversion to clay

pipes. Not the ordinary clay pipes that sell two for 1 cent, but French clay pipes that cost from 75 cents to \$10. These pipes are much the same as the old-style clay pipes. They have a stem from two to five inches long, a little lip at the end, and a bowl. The bowl, though, does not hold any more tobacco than the average cigarette. It is about one-quarter of the size of the usual clay pipe. On the stem are stamped some letters showing that the pipes are manufactured in Paris. They have the French trade mark. These pipes cost 10 cents each retail, or half as much by the quantity. Any man who intends to smoke them in the fashionable manner must buy a quantity. With the pipes is bought an amber and silver-tipped mouth-piece. This is two or three inches long and is what costs. A pipe is not intended to be smoked more than at one sitting; then it is to be thrown away and a fresh one inserted in the holder in its stead. This looks fastidious, costly and fashionable. The pipes and the holder go in a Russia leather case lined with pink silk and stamped with French names. The pipe rests in soft blue velvet. This is pretty and more fastidious than cigarettes. It costs more than cigarettes and is not so offensive or injurious. It does no more harm than smoking an ordinary pipe and is probably less harmful, as less tobacco is smoked. There is no paper, mucilage or anything except the tobacco put into the pipe.

Though the fashion is so recent, imitations of it have begun to appear, and the pipe without the silver mouthpiece can be bought for 75 cents. It is a dainty thing to smoke one of these pipes two or three times and then throw it away. It may even become good form to smoke one of these pipes on the street and throw it away, like a burnt cigarette or a cigar-butt.

"Cut Yer Grass, Missus."

Two half-grown colored youths were clipping away vigorously with sickles at a grass bank in front of a Massachusetts avenue mansion in Washington. They had very nearly finished the job when a Star reporter happened along, and one of them dropped his curved knife to fill a bushel basket with several loads of the cut grass while his companion raked the stuff together and carry them to a cart by the sidewalk. The cart was piled high with the grass dumped into it. After everything had been cleared up in this way the boy who had done the raking rang the house bell and received a silver 25-cent piece from the maid who came to the door. It was also who very willingly gave the newspaper man some information about his business.

"Do season for grass cutting," said he, "am from de fust ob May to de fust ob October. It is a money-makin' business in Washington, sah, whar nearly every house has a lawn to it. Most often they're too little to make it worth while to keep a mower, an' very few folks knows how to use a sickle or to keep it sharp. So there's lots ob men an' boys that earns a good libbin in dis town givin' around an' keepin' de grass cut. Der bes' way an fer two to wuk together as partners, wid a kyart to haul de grass away, sah."

"How much pay do you ask?"
"As much as we think we kin git, sah; but we know pretty nigh onto what folks is willin' to give nearly alius. We go from one house to another, whar de grass shows signs ob wantin' to be cut, and ut each place we make an offer. S'posin' it's on a little bank as wide as de house, like dat one across de way, we say to de pesson dat comes to de door:

"'Lady, cut yer grass for ten cents.'
'If it's de servant, she sees her missus, and mebbe it's a bargain. S'posin' she says all right we goes ahead, cuts de grass, collects de money and kyart de stuff away. Sometimes we make a contract wid pesson to keep der grass cut fer so much a season. An ole gemmen dat has a lawnmower works wid us when a big place has to be mowed. Some days we earn \$2 an' some days \$3; an' den de grass am extra.'"

"What do you do with that?"
"Use it to keep de huss; an' what we don't need we sell. It's de berry finest kind ob grass and fetches a good price. When we git it home we spread it out an' let it dry in de sun fer hay. Oh, yes; dis am a right smart payin' business, sah."

His Paper Was Read by Somebody.

Years ago when Henry Grady was struggling to bring the Rome Commercial into front ranks, says the Rome (Ga.) Tribune, he called one day and asked the Rounsaville brother for an advertisement. J. W. Rounsaville replied: "Why, Grady, nobody reads your paper; it is of no use to advertise in it." A happy thought suggested itself to Mr. Grady. He went to his office and wrote the following advertisement, which appeared next morning in the Commercial: "Wanted, fifty cats. Liberal price for the same. Apply to Rounsaville Bros." Well, the picture that presented itself at Rounsaville's corner next morning beggars description. Boys of all ages and sizes—boys of all tints from the fair-haired youth to the sable Ethiopian—bare-foot boys and ragged boys—red-headed boys, freckled-faced boys—town boys and country boys—boys from all parts of Floyd county, blocked up the sidewalk, doorways, and street with bags full of cats—cats of every description, name, and order—house cats, yard cats—bar cats, church cats—fat cats and lean cats—honest cats and thievish cats. Well, to make a long story short, the Rounsavilles told Mr. Grady to reserve a column for their advertisement as long as his paper continued; and that was just what Grady wanted.

New York Lawyers.

A law firm in New York with a really profitable business expends from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year for rent, light, fuel, stenography, and the like. Some of the older lawyers still refuse to employ typewriters, and William Allen Butler astonished some of his younger brethren at Albany the other day by presenting a voluminous brief written out in his own hand.

Some heartless wretch alludes to the cemetery as a "cross patch."

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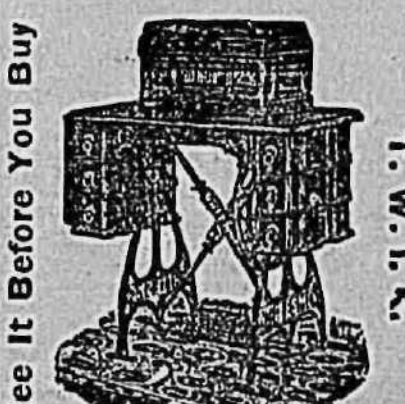
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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHO CAN IT BE?—THE VALUE OF TIME—A WONDERFUL MAGNET.

Adventure with a Catamount—A Boiling Lake—A Wonderful Magnet—A Wonderful Magnet.

Who Can It Be? There's a meddlesome "Somebody" going about, playing his pranks, but we can't find him out.

He's upstairs and downstairs from morning till night, And always in mischief but never in sight. The rogues I have read of in song or in tale Are caught in the end and conducted to jail.

But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well He has never been the inside of a cell. Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times, Are releasing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes.

Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run, Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.

"Somebody" has taken my knife," one will say; "Somebody" has carried my pencil away," "Somebody" has gone and thrown down all the blocks," "Somebody" ate up all the cake in the box."

Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease, We must summon in the detective police; And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known, The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

Then should it turn out, after all to be true, That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too, How queer it would look, if we saw them all go Marched off to the station-house, six in a row.

The Value of Time.

One morning, when Benjamin Franklin was busy in the press-room on his newspaper, a loungee stopped into the book-store and spent an hour or more looking over the books. Finally he seemed to settle upon one, and asked the clerk the price.

"One dollar," the clerk answered. "One dollar," echoed the loungee, "can't you take less than that?"

"One dollar is the price," the clerk answered.

The would-be purchaser looked over the books awhile longer and then inquired, "Is Mr. Franklin in?"

"Yes, he's busy in the printing office," the clerk replied.

"Well, I want to see him," said the man.

The clerk told Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store, waiting to see him. Franklin soon appeared and the stranger said:

"What is the lowest, Mr. Franklin, that you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now."

"True," replied Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work."

The man seemed surprised, and, wishing to end a parley of his own seeking, said: "Well, come now, tell me your lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, coolly, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

This was a way of trade which took the man quite by surprise. Without a word he laid the money on the counter, took his book and left the store.

—Youth's Companion.

A Wonderful Magnet.

Probably the largest and strongest magnet in the world is that at Willett's Point, New York. It came to be made by accident. Major King happened to see two large fifteen-inch Dahlgren guns lying unused side by side on the dock. He immediately conceived the idea that a magnet of enormous power could be constructed by means of the cannons, with submarine cable wound about them.

Electricity was brought into use, the cannon being wound with cable, and they were converted into a huge permanent magnet.

The magnet which stands about ten feet from the ground, is eighteen feet long, and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the guns. It takes a force of 25,000 pounds to pull off the armature. A crowd of people applied to the magnet required the combined force of four strong men to tear it away. A seemingly impossible experiment was performed with some fifteen-inch cannonballs. They were solid and as much as a strong man could lift; yet the magnet held several of them suspended in the air, one under the other.

An amusing experiment was made with a sledge-hammer. When one tried to wield it in a direction opposite to the magnet he felt as though he were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind. This simple experiment takes the conceit out of a strong man. Another amazing test was made with a number of carpenter's spikes. A spike was put lengthwise on the end of the magnet, then another spike was attached to the first and so on until a line of them stood straight out from the magnet at least four feet in length.

Adventure with a Catamount.

A large party went deer hunting in Walker county, Ala. They went down in "the bond" of the Warrior River, where deer have been very plentiful this season; and were quite successful until noon of the third day in the woods, when a startling incident shattered the nerves of the entire party, and they were unable to hit anything after that.

A fine young buck, it appears, had been killed the third morning, and at noon a fire was built, and some choice pieces of the fresh meat broiled

for the hungry hunters. The hunters were all sitting around the fire, each one broiling his own piece of meat, when there came a sudden and startling interruption. A huge brown catamount had been watching the party from the upper branches of a tall tree, and the smell of the broiling meat was too much for the hungry brute. It suddenly sprang from the tree and landed right on the little pile of coals where the meat was cooking. The animal's feet were burned by the fire, and with a howl of rage and pain it leapt 10 feet away, and then, turning suddenly, crouched for a spring at the nearest hunter, its eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

The hunters were almost paralyzed by the sudden appearance of the wild animal in their midst, but they recovered their presence of mind in a moment and sprang for their guns. Before the catamount could make a spring at its intended victim, half a dozen shots were fired at close range, and it fell dead in its tracks. The animal measured 6 feet in length, and weighed 86 pounds. The hunters finished their dinner, but every one who got a shot at a deer that afternoon missed, and next day they went home.

A Boiling Lake.

There is a lake of boiling water in the island of Dominica, lying in the mountains behind Roseau, and in the valleys surrounding it are many solfataras, or volcanic sulphur vents. In fact, the boiling lake is little better than a crater filled with scalding water, constantly fed by mountain streams and through which the pent-up gases find vent and are ejected.

The temperature of the water on the margin of the lake ranges from 180 degrees to 190 degrees Fahrenheit; in the middle exactly over the gas vents it is believed to be 300 degrees. Where this active action takes place the water is said to rise two, three or even four feet above the general surface of the lake, the cone often dividing so that the orifices through which the gas escapes are legion in number. This violent disturbance over the gas jet causes a violent action over the whole surface of the lake, and though the cones appear to be special vents, the sulphurous vapors rise with equal density over its entire surface.

Contrary to what one would suppose there seems to be in no case violent action of the escaping gases, such as explosions of detonation. The water is of a dark gray color, and, having been boiled over and over for thousands of years, has become thick and slimy with sulphur. As the inlets to the lake are rapidly closing it is believed it will soon assume the character of a geyser or sulphurous character.

Points For Clerks.

A gentleman, standing beside a calm, self-possessed old captain on the deck of the vessel, remarked:

"I suppose, Captain, you know where every rock and shoal is along this whole coast, do you not?"

"I know where they are not," was the decided reply, and there was wherein lay the safety of those who trusted their lives and property into his hands.

There is a great deal of knowledge which one is wiser and better for not possessing. If you learn exactly where there are no rocks or bars, you may sail safely and profitably. A good old merchant prince once met a man who approached him in a very confidential way on a new scheme by which he could make a great sum with a small outlay. He was never averse to making money in the right way, so he patiently heard him propound a theory for making an imitation of vinegar which cost but a trifle, but could be sold as the real elder vinegar. The old merchant came down upon him like a thunderbolt when he understood fully the scheme, and hurried him from his presence with such words of stinging rebuke and warning that his ears must have rung for a day. He did not know how soon an officer might be in his wake. The grandsons of that merchant carry on his great business to-day with honor and prosperity.

To the North Pole in a Balloon.

MM. Georges Jeannin, director of the superior school of nautical navigation, and Gustave Hermite, astronomer and meteorologist, nephew of the president of the academy of sciences, propose to make a scientific expedition to the North Pole. With that object they intend to construct a balloon of lined silk, thirty meters in diameter, and having a cubic capacity of 14,120 meters. The balloon will be covered with a special varnish, which will insure its absolute imperviousness. It will be filled with pure hydrogen, and its car will be constructed on a novel plan, especially suitable for this polar expedition. It is calculated that the aerial journey will last from four to five days, to be commenced at Spitzbergen. The travelers expect to come down on the North American continent, or in the northern portion of Asia, a journey of some 3,500 kilometers.

A Great Railroad Tunnel.

Six hundred men are now digging the railroad tunnel under the St. Clair river at Port Huron at the rate of 15 feet each day. This means that before the year is out one of the most important pieces of civil engineering of the country will be completed. More than 1,200 feet of the tunnel proper is now ready for trains on the Michigan side, and 900 on the Canadian. The tunnel itself is over 6,000 feet long. The approaches are equally long, so that the entire length will be more than two miles. Of this distance 2,810 feet are under the river, 2,890 feet on the Michigan land side, and 2,100 on the Canadian.

SCARED TO LIVE HERE.

HE WAS A TERRORS-TRICKEN ENGLISH TOURIST.

Fact and Fancy Frighten a Foreigner and His Maker a Freak for Old England—Highwaymen, Cyclones and Blizzards of Old America.

It was the smoking compartment of a sleeper bound for St. Paul from Chicago. The tobacco victims there assembled had never met before, but their indulgence in a bad habit made between them a bond of sympathy, and after a time they grew talkative. There was in the party a young Englishman, travelling for pleasure; a drummer, rolling cigars; an agent for a famous circus; a newspaper man from Boston; the Pullman conductor, and your humble servant.

The Englishman remarked after the weather and the crops had been exhausted:

"Ah, isn't that some danejah in travelling in this country? I've been told as 'ow a train is 'old up now and then by 'ighwaymen."

His peculiar manipulation of the letter "h" convinced us at once that he was at least an English peer and possibly related to the royal family.

"You're right," broke in the Boston Journalist. "Our train between Boston and Springfield was stopped in a deserted locality one day last week by mounted desperadoes from Worcester. Some of my fellow passengers lost their watches and our conductor lost his head."

"My boyes!" cried the lordling. "So far behest, too!"

"That is nothing," commented the Pullman conductor, whose thin face betrayed no appreciation of humor. "As I pulled out of St. Paul a few nights ago somebody slipped a note into my hand. It read: 'Look out for the Harding gang. They intend to give you the razzle-dazzle to-night.'"

"What's that?" asked the Briton.

"It's an Indian phrase, meaning a general massacre," explained the Bostonian.

"Bah jove!"

"Well," continued the conductor, "I did not pay much attention to the warning. I knew the Harding gang by reputation, but I was not afraid of them. I have run trains in Texas, and have often had my lights shot out by cowboys. I did not, therefore, dread the semi-civilized outlaws of this part of the country. We had reached this vicinity that evening when the train suddenly stopped. I rushed forward to see what was the matter and was confronted by a masked robber, who told me to hold up my hands. I did as he directed. There are times when I prefer defeat to death. This was one of them. I threw up my palms toward the lumps and the outlaw emptied my pockets. His pals, seven in number, went through the train in the good-natured way peculiar to their kind and gathered in a vast deal of booty. Then they bid us farewell, and we moved on through the night. I have more respect for the Harding gang than I did a month ago." The conductor tipped me a solemn wink.

The Englishman was growing very nervous.

"Perfectly lawful," he exclaimed. "Did they catch the bloomin' crooks?"

"No. In fact, we have reason to believe they contemplate another attack."

Milord lighted a fresh cigar. I noticed that his hand trembled.

"How far west are you going?" somebody asked him.

"I'll not quite certain," he replied. "I thought of seeing San Francisco."

"You take your life in your hands, stranger," remarked the commercial traveler, who seemed annoyed at the vile odor of the Englishman's cigar.

"There is no end to the dangers incident to travel between here and the coast."

"It's not so much highwaymen I fear as cyclones," broke in the circus agent. "Why, do you know, it was about ten miles west of here that a funnel-shaped cloud took hold of our tent, a few weeks ago, and lifted the whole concern, including the elephants and the living skeleton, into the next county. It saved car fare, of course, but if we had struck a mountain it would have been a bad thing for the show."

"Bah jove!" exclaimed the Briton, agnost.

"You were in great luck," remarked the conductor. "I had an experience between St. Paul and Omaha that was not so fortunate. We were booming along at the rate of forty miles an hour one morning when I noticed a storm coming on us from the south. Suddenly everything grew black as night, and I felt the train rise from the track on the wings of the relentless wind. We were carried northward about twenty miles, when the wind loosened its grip and the train sank, by a wonderful chance, upon the tracks of a parallel road. The wheels of the engine were still revolving and we rushed on toward Omaha. We were on the wrong side of the road, however, and ran plump into an express train bound for St. Paul. Only thirty people were killed, fortunately, and I escaped without a scratch."

The Englishman had grown very pale. "Have you got anything to drink?" he asked of the porter, who had just appeared after a three hours' nap.

"This, way, a.h. May be able to give you a flask, sah."

When the Briton returned there was more color in his cheeks. We had been indulging in a quiet laugh at his expense, but regained our gravity at once in the hope that he would pass around the flask he had just purchased. He seated himself calmly, however, wiped his mouth with a silk handkerchief, and seemed to feel that he had been thoroughly hospitable.

"Ah, by the way," he began, "are these cyclones as frequent as they seem to be destructive?"

"I should say so," answered the newspaper man. "I spent a week here in Minnesota once and we had a storm every evening at 10. Let me see, it's now half past 9. I should not be surprised if we struck a cyclone within the next ten miles. I should like to have you see one. They are one of the proudest products of our land."

"Thanks," returned milord. "I should like very much to have some acquaintance with them."

"The train slowed up just here, and then came to a dead stop. The conductor had disappeared. I saw the Englishman put his hand on his watch and glance at the door in a nervous way. He had not forgotten the tales of the highwaymen he had just heard. When he had resumed our journey, the commercial man remarked:

"I do so much traveling that my nerves have become dulled, but there is one form of disaster that is ever in my mind."

"What is that?" asked the Britisher, apprehensively.

"I am always fearful that the train will leave the tracks. You see we have to depend upon the skill and care of men who do not possess a vast amount of either. For instance, the track beyond here for fifty miles has been in bad condition for a year. It is now being repaired, but suppose that a reckless workman leaves his tools in our way, or fails to rivet his rails with requisite force, where are we? It is horrible to think of."

The Englishman turned white again, pulled out his flask, took a long drink, gazed through the window for a moment, and then uttering a hoarse "good night," sought such repose as was available in "lower four."

I did not see the victim of my countrymen's gossip again until I reached Omaha. I was seated at the breakfast table one morning when he joined me.

"Still going westward?" I remarked.

"Yes—I suppose so."

He had in his hand a morning newspaper. As he glanced over the telegraphic columns his face grew pale. I looked at my journal and saw the following headlines:

"Cyclone in Wilkesbarre, Pa."

"A Passenger Train Held Up on the Missouri Pacific."

"Terrible Accident Due to a Broken Rail on the Old Colony Road."

The Englishman had started for the door.

"Where are you going?" I cried.

"To England, d-n you," was his discourteous answer.

Proved an Alibi.

"Nick Durfee," said the court sternly, "you have been convicted of stealing Major Ransom's prize merino ram. Have you anything to say why you should not be sentenced to the penitentiary for one year?"

"Yes, sah; I kin prove er alibi."

"Prove an alibi? Wasn't the ram's skin found under your bed? And didn't you tell the major that you stole the ram?"

"Yes, sah, I did for sho. But twuz jes' liko dis, jedgo. I went over ter do major's dat night ter borrow er lam. But do major he war'n dar, an jes' as I wuz comin' way I run up gin dis hyar ole ram. I didn't want no truck wid dat ram, kaze I done knowed 'im gwine on ten year. But dat ar ram wuz er feerousus beas' he wuz, an' dar I wuz wid er twelve rail fence berline mo an' dis ragin' mud ram right in front uv me. 'Wud could I do? Jedgo, would you er stood dar an' let dat wil' beas' 'stroy you off'n do face uv so? Do onlies' thing I could do wuz ter kill dat ram right on do spot. I had ter do it, jedgo, or he would a killed me. I had ter do it in self-defense."

"But what did you carry him home for?"

"Ili, jedgo! You or white gemman wid eddyction ax question liko dat. 'Twouldn't been right fer me ter leave dat kyrense dar ter rot w'ile do major wuz 'way 'um home. Dat ain' no way fer christian man ter do. So I tuk it long wile me. An' I wuz jes' gitten' ready ter go over an' tell do major 'bout it w'en he come wid do constable. Yes, sah; I kin prove alibi!'"—Chicago Herald.

Not for Hangmen.

A cork rope is the latest invention. It is made of small corks placed end to end, and the whole covered with a braiding of cotton-twine; over this is a coarser braiding in heavy strands. According to the inventor, a rope one inch thick will stand a strain of 1,000 pounds.

The Lost Opportunity.

"We made a big mistake, Adam," said Eve, after they had settled outside of the Gar on "How, dear?" "We should have insisted upon having that matter arbitrated."

BRIDGET'S DEAFNESS.

The Mistress of the Kitchen Too Much for a Census Man.

"There are none so deaf as those that won't hear," and so believes a census enumerator, the scene of whose joys and sorrows was West Chester street, says the Philadelphia Record. The cook in a certain residence, Bridget by name, was returned in the form that was left to be filled out as deaf, and no further thought was given to the matter.

Sometime afterward, however, the enumerator called at the house to see Bridget, who was just at the time watching a pot which she did not want to boil over. The following conversation ensued:

"Is your name Bridget?"

"Sure, and I am in a fidget," said the cook, anxiously gazing on the pot.

"No, Bridget," shouted the census officer.

"Ah, falth, and I'm Bridget."

"Are you deaf?"

"Arrah, now, there's been no death in my family."

"Not death, but deaf; you can't hear?"

"Yes, it's very near, and if it boils it spoils."

"Was your mother deaf, or your mother's mother?"

"Smother is it you mane? Sure and ye can't smother a boiling pot."

"Was your grandmother deaf?" fairly yelled the frantic enumerator.

"Och, and my grandmother isn't in it," replied the anxious Bridget.

"It's mother's milk and musn't boil."

"Were any of your ancestors deaf?" shrieked the official.

"Falth, and I haven't any sisters. Oh, wirra, wirra, it's over. Get out, ye spalpeen; I haven't any sisters or brothers, but my milk has boiled over."

The milk boiled over, and so did the enumerator. He gave up his inquiries about Bridget's deafness, and was out of the way. The problem remains to be answered what business is it of Superintendent Porter's employes if the members of Bridget's family are deaf or not.

A Remarkable Dull Prince.

An Englishman who was at one time an officer in the British navy, said recently that the people who were preparing to give Prince George such a magnificent reception at Newport would, in all likelihood, meet with something much in the order of a calm and chilly rebuff. "Some of the writers for the women's magazine and the more impressionable society journals," he said, "have grown into the habit of late years of alluding to England's Sallor Prince with considerable affection. Prince George's reputation for cleverness and ability is not alarmingly wide. He is not for an instant to be compared to his older brother, who, though addicted to clothes of an extreme cut and blessed with a supercilious look, is nevertheless a man of a good deal of ability and importance. Prince Eddie, as he is familiarly called, is the companion of men of advanced years, plays a good hand at whist, is a capital horseman, and a well-read Prince. His companionship is eagerly sought, and he is credited with having a rather sharp and saturnine wit. Prince George is, however, nothing more nor less than a genial, amiable, stupid English boy of a type that is unfortunately very familiar at home. He is awkward and often diffident, so that people who think they have a great society light and a famous Prince to entertain at Newport will find a remarkable heavy, exclusive and retiring young man on their hands. Prince George will not permit himself to be made a lion of for a moment."—N. Y. Sun.

The kingdom of Italy has a unique library in the books of travel of its princes, each Italian prince being bound to write a complete account of his foreign travels, even with such minute details as hotel bills.

He who is not willing to stoop, will never rescue the perishing, and he who refuses to lose his life, will never find it among God's saints.

Orator—The saloon is the door to hell, always open. Old toper—Yes, except on Sundays; then we hunt up a side entrance.

Now that winter will soon be here, we advise young men to make preparations to attend some good school during the winter months. Many young men are securing a business education which fits them for getting on in the world. We know of no better school to attend than the Metropolitan Business College, corner Monroe St. and Michigan Ave., City. This college has a wide reputation and is doing a great work. It has a faculty of 16 professors and an attendance of 500 students. The principal, Mr. O. M. Foyers, is a thorough-going business man, and the college is a live school.

CHICAGO ATHENAEUM.

The People's College—45-51 Dearborn Street.

Twentieth year. Fall term opens Sept. 1st. Business and Academic Departments. The leading Munson Shortland School in the West. The best endorsement of the Athenaeum is from its own pupils, past and present. Evening classes free evenings a week. All common English branches are taught. School of Architectural and Mechanical drawing, higher Mathematics, Physics, Rhetoric, Eloquence, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Language, Literature, Instrumental and Vocal Music. The Athenaeum maintains the finest Gymnasium in the city and also a choice Library. Sent to Superintendent for catalogue.

N. B.—A spacious and elegant building for the permanent home of the Athenaeum, next to the Art Institute on Van Buren St., will be open in January next.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

A Progressive Company.

In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run vestibuled passenger cars on the through day trains, commencing with September 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating apparatus which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times.

These improvements are made for the convenience of the traveling public and reflect credit upon the liberal policy adopted by the management of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

EYES OPTICAL OPTICIAN

102 W. WASHINGTON ST. YOUR EYESIGHT. All action guaranteed.

No Pain, No Danger, No Harm.

The Cotton Dental Association.

19 Cooper Institute, New York, and 328 & 330 Inter Ocean Building, Chicago, Cor. Dearborn and Madison. make a specialty of Extracting Teeth Without Pain. The most nervous persons and those troubled with heart disease are successfully operated upon. 15,000 patients without a serious accident. Over 20 years' active practice. Inter-Ocean Building, Chicago.

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MEDICAL.

I WILL LOCATE DISEASE AND TELL YOU exact condition without asking a question. Consultation free. Specialties: Lung, heart, (will cure nine out of every ten cases), liver, kidney (bright's disease), will cure any case before granulation of the organs has taken place. Skin and nervous diseases.

D. L. FLOYD HASTON, 103 State St., Rooms 21 and 22.

Waverly Hotels

Temperance Coffee Houses, 522 Clark Street, and Lake and Clark Streets.

Stewed Oysters.....15c
One Doz. Raw.....15c
One-half Doz. Fried.....15c
Oyster Fatty.....15c

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202 State St., Cor. Adams.

Opposite The Fair.

LOUIS E. BRIDGES, D.D.S., D.P.S., D.C., D.M. Teeth without plates. Finest Fillings and plates. All work the very best. Guaranteed 5 years. (free, small charge being made for cost of material, lab.)

WIVES

Should know how child bearing can be effected without pain, danger and cure of their life. Send for a full information. A wonderful discovery.

DR. J. B. DYE, Buffalo, N.Y.

FOR information about lands and cheap homes in Florida always write to J. Cross, Live oak Florida. Reading matter and 8-10 Nov 11 sent.

WILSON,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER!

Is giving away a Fine Photo-Crayon Portrait with every dozen cabinet, at \$1.00 per dozen. Children, Family Groups, Bridal Groups, perfect. Open Sundays. Cloudy weather good as sunshine. Studio, 320 State St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS.

The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent on day, whose son died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim specially and successfully settled, address:

JAMES TANKER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

Kohl & Middleton's

South Side, Clark St.

DIME MUSEUM

Opening of our Fall Season has commenced. EVERY HOUR Daily from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. In. we introduce one point after, funny, and amusing STAGE SHOWS

EACH WEEK New Wonders, New Acts, New Faces, New Fun that can be seen and appreciated by Ladies and Children ALL AT

KOHL & MIDDLETON'S 10c PLEASURE PALACE.

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Cures in from 1 to 5 days without pain, causes no stricture, a positive cure guaranteed. Male or female. Put in solid or liquid form, can be taken in the form of a pill, has no taste. Price \$1.00. For sale by all druggists. Sent to any part of U. S. upon receipt of price. Securely packed. Address THE BANGKOKO CO., 528 W. Indiana St., Chicago

Popp's German Stomach Powder

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Capt. Nicholas Skottowe, of the British army, and wife fell from a railroad bridge at the Dallas, Ore., a distance of twenty feet, striking on the rocks and sustaining serious injuries, and probably fatal in the case of Skottowe, who had all the ribs on his right side broken. They were making a tour of the world.

Edward Snowden of Shawana, Wis., had blown out the gas and was found dead in his bed at a hotel in Chicago. The gas escaping from the room attracted the attention of a chambermaid. Little is known of Snowden. The body was taken to a morgue.

Fourteen thousand dollars went up in smoke when J. Stoltz's undertakers' supply factory, in New York, was gutted by fire, involving a loss of \$150,000 and throwing seventy men out of work.

A collision occurred on the Pennsylvania & Reading road, near Frankfort Station, Pa. J. S. Henrau, the engineer, and Harry Fields, a fireman, were badly injured. Both were buried in the debris for at least ten minutes and were severely scalded. The accident is said to have been caused by a mistake in signals.

Carl Vender shot his wife in the head with a double-barreled shotgun at Coshocton, O. Two hours later Vender himself was found in the woods dead with a gunshot wound in the side. His wife, although fatally wounded, is still living. Cause, domestic troubles.

Carl Miller, a thief who begged in Chicago during the day and returned at night as a burglar to his home, was arrested. The fellow had been doing such an extensive line of robbing that he kept a record of the places to prevent tapping the same house twice. The police have the book and will hunt up the victims.

The visiting English and German mining engineers, a party of 250, including about thirty ladies, arrived at Chattanooga, Tenn. They were at once taken to Lookout Mountain and entertained there by citizens of Chattanooga.

The loss of the Italian torpedo boat which left Naples for Spezia some time ago is confirmed. She burst her boiler and foundered at sea. Three officers and fifteen sailors were drowned.

At Ransom Center, Mich., Mrs. John Barber, who went to the place for her husband, who she described his wife and six children and ran away with a woman known as "Big Sadie" was murdered by "Big Sadie" who stabbed her several times in the breast.

Within the last ten days post-office safes in the towns of Plankinton, Olivet, Lecher, and Bridgewater, (all in South Dakota) have been blown open, the robbers obtaining money only in the case of Olivet, where about \$200 was stolen. Officers have gone to arrest a farmer named Perkins, who is suspected of being one of the gang.

John Crockett, of Alpena, Mich., is said to be the man who fed the poison to the cows which gave the milk that nearly poisoned to death a neighbor's family. The cows are dead and Crockett is in jail.

The body of an unknown man, who had apparently been dead but a few days, was found at the river at Manistiquie, Mich.

F. D. Reynolds will serve six years in the Michigan penitentiary for shooting at a Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad conductor who attempted to put him off the train.

Little Martha Zimmerman, a 5-year-old child, was cruelly murdered at Lima, O. She was in front of her home when several boys came along with a gun. They were going hunting. Frank Bolton raised his gun and saying, "wonder if I can hit her," discharged the weapon and the ball passed entirely through her body, killing her almost instantly.

Six prisoners escaped from the jail in Lockport, N. Y. They were in the jail yard, which is inclosed by a high wall, and induced the cook for the jail to open the door by a pretense that they wanted water. They promptly overpowered him and made a rush for liberty.

Just after the steamboat City of Baton Rouge landed at St. Louis, Roubabout Grandson Jones was shot and killed on the wharf by an unknown negro. Albert White, a colored man, who took part in the affray and was shot in the shoulder, was arrested. The murderer escaped.

Billie Singleton (colored), aged about 20 years, was lynched in the outskirts of Macon, Ga., for an attempted assault on a young lady, the daughter of a prominent citizen.

A victim of excessive cigarette smoking died at Lockport, N. Y., in the person of Frederick Long, a boy aged 14 years. He was well in the morning, but seized with chills and severe vomiting which ended in heart disease. Physicians say the spasms were brought on by the smoking.

A charge of dynamite was exploded under the house of F. J. Bonnett at Berlin Falls, N. H., badly shattering the front of the house but not seriously injuring any member of the family. Bonnett is a liquor proscriber.

Mrs. John White, wife of a wealthy Benton Harbor, Mich., farmer, hanged herself. Seven prisoners escaped from the Athens, Ohio, jail. Two of them returned, both being murderers awaiting trial.

Private Frank O'Neil, of the United States army, stationed at Fort McPherson, Ga., died of hydrophobia. It took seven men to hold him in his paroxysms.

Rev. A. H. Durant, a negro preacher of South Carolina, claimed the power to kill and restore to life. To demonstrate his power he killed Francis Jones at a camp meeting, but the revivifying process was a failure and Durant is in jail.

E. C. Conley's residence at Ishpeming, Mich., was destroyed by fire, and adjoining property was saved only after a severe scorching. The loss is \$2,500; insurance, \$2,000.

John W. Davis, a wealthy retired financier, who for several years past has been engaged in mining operations, was shot dead in Pittsburgh by William Weather, a night patrolman, while resisting arrest while intoxicated. Weather was hit on the head with a clubby Davis.

James Maxwell was hung in Morris, Ill., for the murder of Farmer Decker.

Augustus Case, a son of Admiral S. Ludlow Case, U. S. N., was drowned off Papoose Quasi Point, at Bristol, R. I.

General Stanley issued an order convening a court-martial at Fort Clark for the trial of Lieutenant George L. Turner, of the Eighteenth Infantry, charged with embezzling \$500 belonging to the band of his regiment.

A builder named Schatz attacked his wife and five children with a hatchet in a suburb of Berlin, Germany, killing three children and mortally wounding two others and his wife. The murderer was fled.

S. E. H. Vogelsson, Marshal of Falmouth, Ky., was assassinated.

A collision on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road at Altoona, Ia., resulted in the wreck of a mogul engine and twelve cars. A fireman received slight injuries.

Willie Cronin, 16 years old, fell down an elevator shaft in Chicago, and received injuries from which he died soon after.

A deserter from Fort Shaw, Montana, attempted to shoot Government Scout Itoach, who captured him. After being seriously wounded Itoach shot and killed him. His body was left lying in a gulch at Hardy.

M. W. Harris, a Dubuque, Ia., notion dealer, is under arrest on the charge of giving a check on a bank where he had no funds deposited.

David Hausner, aged 16, son of an Atchison, Kas., commission merchant, was fatally stabbed by William Jackson, colored.

Ah Gee Yung, a condemned Chinese murderer, committed suicide in the San Francisco jail by taking opium.

Philip Briggs, a prominent Knight Templar of Utah, committed suicide on a Central Pacific train.

William Hopper, a member of a gang of Kansas cattle-thieves, was shot and fatally wounded in Kansas City, Mo., by an officer who was attempting to arrest him.

The body of J. L. Veatch, who had evidently been murdered, was found near Purvis, Miss.

During a heated political discussion Alvin Bennett, of Decatur, Mich., charged Joseph Acton with putting coppers in his eyes in order to destroy his sight and procure an increase of pension. Bennett was indicted for slander and was fined \$75.

Admiral Fremantle, the commander of the British fleet at Zanzibar, Africa, has been instructed to detail a force to cooperate with the German expedition which will be sent to Vitu to punish the natives for the recent massacre of Germans in that territory.

Mrs. Julia Brubake fell down stairs at her house in Chicago and was instantly killed.

Capt. A. C. Cummins, a prominent citizen of Mansfield, O., was knocked down on the streets of Mansfield at night and robbed of a watch and considerable money. He was severely injured.

Sing Wah, a Chinaman, was killed by a cable car in St. Louis. When nearly opposite his home he jumped off the car right in front of an east-bound train. Both legs were cut, his arms and body lacerated, and he received internal injuries from which he died.

A discovery has been made in Pittsburgh, Pa., that the mails of that city have been robbed and checks taken from letters dropped in street boxes have been altered and money received on them. One was for \$8.65, which was raised to \$23.16, and the other, for \$2.80, was raised to \$163.50.

Eleven persons committed suicide in Paris, France, on one day.

The body of Louis Isaacs of Chicago, was washed ashore near South Haven, Mich. A companion, T. D. Daken, and himself were capsized over a week ago, but the latter by lashing himself to the boat was saved.

Canadian officials have made the discovery that dutiable goods are being shipped from the United States into the Dominion through the mails in small packages that have heretofore escaped suspicion.

Melby Henry Cassina, who stole \$17,000 from the safe of the Hotel Vendome, New York, some weeks since belonging to the Chicago bookmaker Carlin, was convicted of larceny in the first degree.

A cave-in at the Ludington mine, Iron Mountain, Mich., buried five miners. Two were taken out not seriously hurt and three dead. The killed are James Fisher, W. R. Davis and William Haley.

Lawrence, Ky., experienced the largest fire in its history. What was the busiest portion of the town is in ruins. Miller & Sinker's livery stable, two store-houses belonging to Mrs. Q. B. Smith, two store-houses of Harold Hay, and several other stores were destroyed. Total loss, \$25,000. Little insurance.

The cholera epidemic continues at Barcelona, Spain. A special hospital has been erected there for the sufferers.

Hog cholera is epidemic in the eastern part of Hancock County, Iowa.

The Hackley Public Library was dedicated in Muskegon, Mich., the Hon. T. W. Palmer, President World's Fair Commissioners, delivering a splendid oration. The library is the gift of Charles H. Hackley to the city, and has cost, with its equipment of 25,000 books \$200,000.

As the International agent at Lindale, Tex., was closing after the 11 o'clock train had passed and just as he turned to go from the office he was confronted by two masked men, who ordered him to tell them where he kept the money. The robbers obtained about \$1,400.

An accident occurred on the Old Colony railway in Rhode Island, by which one man was killed and thirteen others injured. A flat-car which had been left standing on the track was struck by a construction-train. The flat-car jumped the track, killing Eliza Merrill, foreman of the construction gang, and injuring the others.

From advices from the Iowa Reservation, I. T. it is learned that three United States Deputy Marshals, in a chase after a band of four horse thieves, engaged in a fight with desperadoes. One of the thieves was killed. The others were taken prisoners. When the thieves saw that they would be unable to make away with the eleven stolen horses, they shot them.

Dr. McGonigal, charged with malpractice in the case of Annie Goodwin, in New York, was sentenced to twelve years in the State's prison.

Mrs. William Wellhausen and her 7-year-old son were drowned in a well at their home near Marine City, Mich. The boy fell into the well by accident and the mother hearing his cries grew frantic, plunged into the water, and was also drowned before help came.

The postoffice authorities at Cleveland decided that one of the papers could not go through the mails while a certain advertisement remained in its columns. "The advertisement was from a prominent clothing house and offered a pony to the purchaser who could guess its weight. The authorities held that it came under the provisions of the Lottery Law.

A stay of the execution of the sentence of Purdy at Chicago (for the murder of Heininger) has been received from Ottawa, and his death-watch was removed.

John Williams, a negro, supposed to be the murderer of Baggageman John Finn, of the Polk street depot, Chicago, was locked up at the Armory.

The ranchmen near Antelope, west of the Missouri River, report serious losses from prairie fires. They claim the trouble is due to the Indians, who started the fires to drive the game south. The ranchmen propose to take the matter before the proper authorities.

Fire broke out in the Dickman Sash and Door Factory at Wapakoneta, near Lima, O., and spread rapidly, destroying several factories and residences. The total loss will reach \$25,000.

Smith, an aged farmer from Split Log, Mo., was robbed of his pocketbook containing \$17.85. Just as the train arrived from California Smith was putting on his overcoat and preparing to leave the train when three men seized him, and while one held him another put his hand into his pocket and took the pocketbook. The robbers escaped.

The strike situation at Ishpeming, Mich., is much the same, except that three of the smaller mines have given in to the men. The Lake Superior, Cleveland, and Lake Angelino mines hold out. The best of order prevails, though this is the second week of a strike of 3,000 men. The strike is causing the business men of Ishpeming a loss of \$25,000 a day.

Fire broke out in the business portion of Fairport, O., causing a loss of \$15,000. No insurance.

William Hayes and Gus Cummings, both colored, quarreled over a game of "craps" in Chicago. Two razors took an active part as weapons, and Hayes was badly cut about the head, and Cummings received a gash across the throat. Both men are at the hospital. Cummings is not expected to live.

Lincoln's (Neb.) first electric street railway began operations. The line is five miles long.

An unknown middle-aged man committed suicide by jumping into the river at St. Louis, Mo., from the Eads bridge.

The Hon. Thomas Harvey and Col. F. W. Fauntleroy, two St. Louis, Mo., lawyers, came to blows during the trial of a case in the Court of Criminal Correction.

Mollie Monroe was sentenced, in Chicago, to the penitentiary for one year. She had been granted a new trial after having been sentenced to eighteen months by a jury for keeping young girls. She entered a plea of guilty and got six months less.

President Harrison returned to Washington. He has been gone eight days and traveled a distance of over 3,000 miles. During these eight days he made forty speeches, just one-half as many as he made during his presidential campaign. Nine speeches out of ten touched upon the war and but one encroached on politics.

The body of Frank Gorman was found in a barn in Chicago. The fellow was without friends, home, or money, and his death was caused by drinking. He was about 23 years of age.

Panic in a Church.

A small blaze in St. Stanislaus Polish church in Chicago caused a panic among the school children assembled for early mass, which resulted in the death of Frank J. Dzielicki, 8 years old, the fatal injury of John Protkowski, 8 years old, and Frank Urban, 9 years old, and the serious injury of eighteen or twenty other children.

The children of the St. Stanislaus school were assembling at the church and 200 little faces were uplifted toward the image of the holy virgin, awaiting the morning benediction.

Suddenly a loosened curtain swung against the burning candles, a startled cry was heard and in an instant the draperies of the altar were in flames.

The scene which ensued was frightful. None of the children were over 11 years of age, and the greater part of them younger. Their terror was complete. In the rush for the door the boys outstripped the girls, and thus it was that none of the latter was seriously injured. The screams of the little ones as they fell and were trampled upon by their companions soon brought an excited, frightened crowd to the spot.

An alarm of fire was turned in, and soon the clanging, clashing engines and rattling patrol-wagons surrounded the place, seemingly only serving for a time to add terror to the scene.

Soon, however, the firemen and policemen gained some control over the frightened crowd, and while men entered the church by a rear door and prevented the children from crowding to the front, others succeeded in relieving the jam, and the panic was over. Then the work of removing the injured and dying began.

Owing to the excitement an accurate list of the injured could not be obtained, but the estimates range from eighteen to twenty-five.

Sought Revenge by Murder.

Fred Frank has been working for some time for Albert Pierce at Ann Arbor, Mich. Pierce discharged Frank. August Pierce, the son of Albert Pierce, went into the yard to do some chores. As he stepped around the corner of a shed he was confronted by Frank, who held a neckyoke in his hand. As young Pierce approached Frank raised the heavy neckyoke and made a vicious lunge at him. Pierce raised his hands and varied off the blow, grasping the yoke. Frank, after struggling to get the yoke loose from Pierce's hands for a minute, drew a revolver and fired. The bullet entered Pierce's body just above the belt and plowed through his vitals. He lies in a critical condition. Frank fled immediately and has not yet been found.

A Couple of Blazes.

Stevensville, a town on the Bluff Road Valley Branch, Mont., is on fire and the conflagration threatens to take the whole town, with no means at hand to prevent total destruction. Details are not yet obtainable.

Fire broke out in the oil rooms of the Cherry Morrow Manufacturing Company, within the walls of the state penitentiary in Nashville, Tenn. The flames spread rapidly and the entire plant was destroyed. No convicts were in that portion of the prison and the origin of the fire is unaccountable. A company of the state militia and a division of the municipal police controlled the crowd. Outside the walls three small cottages and a lumber yard belonging to the Cherry Morrow Company were consumed. The loss will amount to \$200,000.

Three officers captured fifteen men on West Monroe street, Chicago, whom they claim to be the chief spirits in a band of organized burglars and foot-pads. The men evidently made their headquarters at the house on Monroe street, for in one of the rooms the second story was found a complete collection of burglar's tools. The gang included men and boys, but the chief was "Pete" McDermott, an old-time thief and safe brawler who has been mixed up in many big robberies, but has always escaped severe punishment. John Riley, alias "Dutch," alias "The Riverend," and Walter Ayon, alias "The Ghost," who are said to be well known to the New York City police, were also among the number.

Passengers Have a Narrow Escape.

At Mounds Junction, on the Illinois Central road, eight miles above Cairo, a passenger train was derailed and the engine thrown over and wrecked. Several people were injured. In crossing a switch the engine ran on to a side track, while the train held the main track. The baggage and express car was thrown across the track, and all the passenger coaches were derailed. Engineer Van Patton was caught under the cab of the engine and scalded by the escaping steam. Fireman Robert Stewart had his left leg badly lacerated, and Express Messenger Southerland was badly bruised about the head.

Boat With Youthful Thieves.

J. H. Hall, a dry goods merchant of Fort Worth, Tex., has been arrested on a charge of concealing stolen goods. For some time the police have been aware of the existence of a gang of juvenile thieves, known as "Corn Dodgers," the culprits ranging from seven to twelve years of age. Many arrests were made, but on account of their youth the prosecution was abandoned. It develops that most of the goods were sold to Hall, and his arrest was followed by that of a number of the gang. The organization has branches in Dallas, Waco, Marshall, Austin, and Houston, Texas, as well as in Denver, Colo., with a regular code of signals and secret means of communication.

Suicide of a Young Girl.

Miss Huddle, a 16-year-old school girl who lived with her sister in Des Moines, Ia., started for school the other morning and was never seen alive by her friends again. After two days' search her body was found in the Des Moines river. There was nothing unusual in her actions or appearance when last seen, but she has been of a melancholy disposition for some months. It is supposed that she committed suicide. Her parents live in Iuka, Marion county, Ill.

New Orleans in an Uproar.

"Down with the Dogs! Down with the assassins!" is the cry of twenty thousand angry men in New Orleans, and it seems certain that the city is on the eve of the bloodiest race riot ever known in America. Not only has it been learned that Chief of Police Hennessy was murdered by the Mafia, an association of Italian assassins, but the astounding revelation was made that the murderers had planned to kill a number of other officials.

A steamship is now on her way up the river from Italy with over eight hundred emigrants on board, and a determination is expressed to prevent their landing. If the attempt to land them is made a riot is imminent, and a scene that will in all likelihood eclipse bloody Monday in Louisville is feared will be the result.

Excitement is at fever heat, and threats of lynching are freely indulged in. The prison where the murderers are confined is being strongly guarded, with a view to defeat the attempt at lynching if one is made. Great crowds are awaiting the arrival of the shipload of Italian immigrants.

Chief of Police Hennessy was buried. His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans.

A Couple of Blazes.

Stevensville, a town on the Bluff Road Valley Branch, Mont., is on fire and the conflagration threatens to take the whole town, with no means at hand to prevent total destruction. Details are not yet obtainable.

Fire broke out in the oil rooms of the Cherry Morrow Manufacturing Company, within the walls of the state penitentiary in Nashville, Tenn. The flames spread rapidly and the entire plant was destroyed. No convicts were in that portion of the prison and the origin of the fire is unaccountable. A company of the state militia and a division of the municipal police controlled the crowd. Outside the walls three small cottages and a lumber yard belonging to the Cherry Morrow Company were consumed. The loss will amount to \$200,000.

Three officers captured fifteen men on West Monroe street, Chicago, whom they claim to be the chief spirits in a band of organized burglars and foot-pads. The men evidently made their headquarters at the house on Monroe street, for in one of the rooms the second story was found a complete collection of burglar's tools. The gang included men and boys, but the chief was "Pete" McDermott, an old-time thief and safe brawler who has been mixed up in many big robberies, but has always escaped severe punishment. John Riley, alias "Dutch," alias "The Riverend," and Walter Ayon, alias "The Ghost," who are said to be well known to the New York City police, were also among the number.

Passengers Have a Narrow Escape.

At Mounds Junction, on the Illinois Central road, eight miles above Cairo, a passenger train was derailed and the engine thrown over and wrecked. Several people were injured. In crossing a switch the engine ran on to a side track, while the train held the main track. The baggage and express car was thrown across the track, and all the passenger coaches were derailed. Engineer Van Patton was caught under the cab of the engine and scalded by the escaping steam. Fireman Robert Stewart had his left leg badly lacerated, and Express Messenger Southerland was badly bruised about the head.

A JAIL DELIVERY.

SIX DESPERATE CRIMINALS ESCAPE FROM KALAMAZOO.

A Strike at a Funeral—Youthful Thieves—Suicide of a Girl—Other Telegraphic News.

Escape of Prisoners.

A daring plan to escape from jail was successfully accomplished at Kalamazoo, Mich., six desperate characters saving a hole through the bars from the second tier corridor and covering themselves by a sheet.

F. D. Reynolds sentenced the prisoners to six years in the penitentiary for shooting at a Grand Rapids and Indiana conductor who tried to eject him from a train, and Dan O'Day, sentenced to two and a half years for larceny, were two of the men. They would have been taken to the penitentiary next day. The others who escaped were Charles Smith and Thomas Burns, Chicago crooks, awaiting trial for breaking open a Grand Trunk freight-car and stealing 1,000 yards of velvet; Ed Wilson, burglary; and Samuel Allen, criminal assault.

Strike at a Funeral.

It has become necessary in Jersey City now to have a policeman at every funeral. The undertakers and the union coach drivers are at variance. Each has an association. The driver's union is the present trouble. The undertakers are about to be postponed by refusing to drive if a union coachman was in line, and arrests had to be made of the obstinate union men. The undertakers decided to check these scenes and have practically decided to dissolve the drivers' union. The latter will die hard. They manifested their disposition to fight at the funeral of Mrs. Hostwick in Greenville, N. J. The undertaker in charge was William H. Spear. The drivers did not show their hand until they reached the house of mourning. Then they demanded that he withdraw from the organization. Spear would not accede, and the funeral was about to be postponed when police aid was sought. The drivers were informed that as they had started to drive the mourners to the cemetery they must execute the contract or they would be arrested for conspiracy. The drivers concluded to abandon the strike until some other time. The funeral was delayed only a short time.

Death With Youthful Thieves.

J. H. Hall, a dry goods merchant of Fort Worth, Tex., has been arrested on a charge of concealing stolen goods. For some time the police have been aware of the existence of a gang of juvenile thieves, known as "Corn Dodgers," the culprits ranging from seven to twelve years of age. Many arrests were made, but on account of their youth the prosecution was abandoned. It develops that most of the goods were sold to Hall, and his arrest was followed by that of a number of the gang. The organization has branches in Dallas, Waco, Marshall, Austin, and Houston, Texas, as well as in Denver, Colo., with a regular code of signals and secret means of communication.

Suicide of a Young Girl.

Miss Huddle, a 16-year-old school girl who lived with her sister in Des Moines, Ia., started for school the other morning and was never seen alive by her friends again. After two days' search her body was found in the Des Moines river. There was nothing unusual in her actions or appearance when last seen, but she has been of a melancholy disposition for some months. It is supposed that she committed suicide. Her parents live in Iuka, Marion county, Ill.

New Orleans in an Uproar.

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A Fatal Hotel Fire.

What proved to be the most disastrous fire that has visited Syracuse, N. Y., for many years was discovered in the Leland Hotel at 12:30 o'clock in the morning.

Seven or eight women and children jumped from the upper stories on to the shed in the rear of the building. At one time seven persons were struggling on the shed, which had caught fire from the flying sparks. The victims were half naked. Several of them were seen to tear off their undergarments that had caught fire.

Among those injured is Cora Tanner, the actress, who was severely burned about the head and feet.

Frank Carey of Glens Falls, N. Y., has been identified as one of those that were burned to death.

An eye-witness of the fire says it is certain that at least twenty-five persons have lost their lives, and many more have been more or less injured. One woman was being lowered from a window by the aid of a rope. She had reached a point opposite the third story, when the rope became ignited from a burning sill, the rope parted, and the woman fell to the pavement—her brains dashed out and her body flattened into a shapeless mass.

The fire is said to have started in the kitchen. The building will be a total loss. It was built two years ago at a cost of \$150,000. It is six stories high and contained 250 rooms. It is impossible to learn how many guests were in the hotel. The total loss will not fall short of \$500,000, and is partially covered by insurance.

The proprietors of the hotel are Warren J. Leland and Van Duren Leland.

Savage Cracksmen.

As several citizens were returning home about 3 o'clock in the morning from a neighboring town they detected robbers in Franklin Hall's general store at Ohio City, O. The robbers were at work on the safe and a posse was organized to capture them. A guard was stationed at the rear end of the building, while double the force started in at the front entrance. No sooner had the first guard made its appearance than the robbers detected it and opened fire. A large number of shots were exchanged. The noise of the battle attracted other citizens. The robbers, while the battle was going on in front of the store, blew open the safe. The ammunition of the citizens gave out, and the robbers seemed to be abundantly supplied drove them back, but not until one of their number was left behind, and Charles Hoover and William Place, two of the crowd who attempted to arrest them, were killed, and Adolf Kern and G. W. Sanders badly wounded. The four robbers then made good their escape.

The corpse of the dead robber was taken to an undertaking establishment, but no one could identify the remains.

Hoover and Place were two business men of the town and were well and favorably known. They leave families. Both were killed almost instantly. The robbers are supposed to be the same gang that has been operating in that part of the country for some time. Mount Kuhn and William Morehouse, two notorious criminals were identified as being members of the gang. They are a pair of desperate men and heavy rewards are offered for their capture. The robbers only obtained a few dollars for their trouble, as Mr. Hall had banked his money, about \$5,000, just before he closed up his store for the night.

Whisky and Suicide.

James McKewen, an employee of Robert Goetz, crossed the cottage lawn to the cliffs to cast his lines for his morning's supply of fish at Newport, R. I.

He saw the body of a woman washing about the shallows among the rocks. He called the police and the body was later taken to the station, where Walter Russell, the dead woman's husband, claimed it. No inquest was held, as the cause of her death is known.

She returned from a visit to Fall River a little the worse for liquor. She was ashamed to go home to her husband and children in that condition, so she took a room at a friend's house. She visited her family the next morning, and Mr. Russell told her she might return to the place where she spent the night. Becoming desperate she wandered away to the cliffs and sat down to drown her grief in drink. During the afternoon a party of men found her lying on a rock below the cliffs. Before the tide could rise and sweep her away they carried her to the belights above and summoned the police. She slept off the effects of the liquor in a cell at the station, and sobbed bitterly when she discovered her whereabouts. She begged to have her disgrace hidden from her children. She again visited her home. Finding her husband's temper unchanged

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be ready in case of a riot, but they were not called out. In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia. The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his equanimity and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures is to be relied on and will be true to the point.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the state of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory Street, New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

ANDY JOHNSON'S TOAST.

George Keeble, a Barber, Talks About Lincoln's Successor.

History is not altogether written in books nor carried in the minds of savants. The sources of historical information are varied. For instance, one may get an idea of the character of President Andy Johnson from a talk with his barber, who happens to live in Indianapolis, and is none other than George L. Keeble, one of the proprietors of the Young Men's Christian Association barbershop.

"I might have been the first free colored man to be married in the White House," said George, "but I was not willing to wait until we could go from Nashville to Washington. It happened in this way:

"My wife was Mrs. Johnson's maid. She waited on the front door of the Johnson mansion and was very affectionately treated by the family.

"When Governor Johnson went to Washington, knowing that I was waiting on Mrs. Johnson's maid, we were asked to go along and be married at the capital.

"The circumstances of my courtship were unusual. One day I was walking past the Governor's house when I saw a captain of the army, well known in Nashville, walk up to Mr. Johnson, who was in the yard, and begin to use abusive language.

"Among other things I remember he called Johnson a 'traitor.' Johnson fired up in an instant.

"His right hand and arm were paralyzed. With his left he struck out bravely and tumbled the captain down upon the grass. After that guards were placed about the premises with instructions to exclude all persons not having passes.

"This interfered somewhat with the other young fellows who were, like myself, paying attention to Mrs. Johnson's maid. But it helped me.

"The maid at the front door told the guards to admit me, and by the time the Governor was ready to go to Washington I had procured my courtship to a successful result.

"How did Mr. Johnson conduct himself toward the colored people?"

"He was free and easy with us. For instance, he would come down to my barber shop of a morning and about the first remark would be: 'Well, George, do you know where I can find a good mint julep?'

"I generally knew where to find one, and he would always invite me over to try the liquor with him. In drinking he would generally propose a toast, and this was the most common one: 'God bless the white folks and the Lord save the niggers.'"

Misfortunes That Befell the New Scholars.

Down in the land of steady habits, a few years ago, there was a large and flourishing seminary for young ladies, under charge of a two highly cultivated spinners of unimpeachable propriety. To this school a few male pupils of twelve years of age or under were admitted as a special favor and the circulars explained that this was done because of the benefits to the manners and morals of the young gentlemen through their intercourse with young ladies.

Attracted by this programme of culture and morality, a fond mother brought her well-grown boy of twelve one afternoon to enter as a pupil, and while she was talking over matters with the principal a domestic was summoned and told to ask some of the young ladies to show the new boy through the grounds and buildings. Fifteen minutes later the domestic appeared at the door with a disturbed face and beckoned to the principal.

"What is it, Bridget?" said the latter.

"Please, ma'am, I want you."

"But what is it, Bridget?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't like to tell," was the stammering reply.

"Speak right up, Bridget. This lady is going to leave her son here and we have no secrets from our patrons. I insist upon you speaking right up and telling me."

"Well, ma'am, if I must I must. The young ladies took the new scholar up in the dormitory to see what he was made of, they said. He was so nice and easy that they took all his clothes off and now he won't let them put them on him again and he's playing Indian with them and musing 'em up awful, ma'am."

The school lost a promising pupil; no more scholars of the male sex were taken afterwards. But the young ladies had discovered what a boy is made of.

THE REDSKI'S HORSE.

HIS ROMANTIC ORIGIN AND HIS HABITS.

He Roamed the Plains from the Borders of Old Mexico to Lake Winnipeg in the Far North—How They Were Broken or Trained For Use.

The wild horses of the American continent once roamed from the border of Old Mexico as far north as Lake Winnipeg. Twenty-three years ago there were a great many wandering over the broad, grassy bottoms of the Cimarron in Southwestern Kansas; perhaps they are not all extinct yet. All the wild horses that I ever saw, writes Major James, were of small stature—pony-built in every instance—but possessing a wonderful amount of endurance; a tough, hardy animal, well fitted to perform the peculiar duties the Indian demanded of him. The average savage is very hard on his animals, and unless their horses were constituted to "live on cactus and drink the green slime of the Buffalo wallows" they would have become extinct, probably, long ago. When caught young they are easily "broken," but if taken at an advanced age they are perfectly incorrigible. I remember one that used to do duty on the old stage line between Ellsworth and Sterling about seventeen years ago. He was the most vicious brute I have ever seen my fortune to have seen. Whenever it became necessary to shoe him he had to be knocked down with an axe, and before he recovered his senses, tied, and only in that condition would the blacksmith dare approach him. His endurance was something marvelous; his driver, the only man who could do anything with him at all, tried for years to wear him out, but without success, and he subsisted on last only to old age. I have ridden behind him many a time, but in momentary expectation of having my brains kicked out or dashed to pieces whenever he started down hill. His bones lay bleaching somewhere on the divide between the Smokey Hill and the Arkansas.

The usual method of capturing the wild horse by the plains tribes was with the lariat, in the early days made of the hair of the buffalo, or that of the tail of the ponies. The Cheyennes, Kiowas and Apaches, improperly called Sioux, whenever they started out on an expedition to catch wild horses, always picked the fastest animals they possessed. The rider, winding his lariat on his arm, dashes into the herd at a dead run, and as soon as he gets the rope on the neck of a wild horse, jumps off his own as quick as a flash, and, running as fast as he can, allows the lariat to slip through his hands gradually, until the animal is choked and falls to the ground for want of breath, and lies there a quivering, helpless mass. Then the Indian moves forward very slowly, step by step, towards the horse's head, still keeping the animal well choked, and proceeds to fasten a pair of rawhide hobbles on his forehead. Then he lets up on the lariat, so that the animal can catch his breath, and then takes a turn with the lariat around the jaw, like a bit, which gives him wonderful power over the frightened horse, which pitches and plunges, snorts and tumbles around until he is nearly exhausted. Then the Indian, by careful management, gets his hand on the horse's nose, pats him a little, and is soon able to mount him and he is "broken."

In later years they sometimes "retrained" the animal, a custom taught the Indians by the old timers. I suspect. "Re-training" was simply sending a ball through the tough jaws of gristle of the neck, which by training the brain for a few moments, caused the animal to fall as if dead, every limb stretched out and quivering; this lasts long enough for them to be secured, when they rise as if nothing had happened to them.

The white man used to adopt entirely different tactics in capturing the wild horses on the Cimarron, in Kansas. They simply wore them out by never letting them stop to eat or drink and by keeping up that plan the animal was easily "roped" after a day or two's constant travel.

Fe-T-Kado Cranks.

One cannot help believing that there is a variety of this gentry who are self-made cranks, because they want to be. They seek some social disapprobation whereupon they can posture with effect. The pleasures of conformity is piquant and startling. Such a man is not a crank from abundance of virtue, as he would have you believe, but rather because he feels his feebleness in the world of practical affairs and is assured thereby.

If he poses as an advanced philanthropist, we suspect that his love of mankind has some side glances at personal profit. If facts be against him, he does not hesitate to invent them, and visits with arrogant abuse those who would expose his falsities. He is especially angry with those halting disciples who accept his scheme as something ultimately possible, and then humbly inquire what they are to do provisionally as a practical approximation to the distant goal. If he be a rhetorician, he has no scruple in administering the electric shock of paradox, and seeks the levity of assent that may be caught by the sudden spring of a false analogy. No doubt this reckless shouter occasionally hits

the mark. Pope describes the talking bird who borates the passengers by with epithets which well-conducted periodicals have caused to print. But the poet confesses that, though sometimes struck with the extreme fecundity of these characterizations, he had never been able to extend his admiration to the speaker whose entire stock in trade consisted of this very limited and abusive vocabulary.—J. P. Quincy, Atlantic.

A HINT TO EMPLOYERS.

If You Can't Always Be Gentle, Be as Gentle as You Can.

Discharging a man for any cause is a duty that most employers dislike. To get around the disagreeable part of this obligation some men resort to subterfuge more or less amiable. For instance, a certain firm in New York had a letter form which it always used when bouncing had to be done. Here it is:

"DEAR SIR: The condition of our business will not permit us to avail ourselves of your valuable services after next Saturday. BEAK & Co."

Another large employer of labor told me not long ago that he never discharged an employe.

"What, never?" I inquired.

"Never," he repeated. "I always ask a man to resign, and if he doesn't resign I resign from the place of paymaster."

"That reminded me of a foreman in a factory who was so soft-hearted that he never could bring himself to fire a man in so many words. When it became necessary to get rid of a hand he used to send for the victim and address him thus: 'I am sorry, Wilhelm, but I lay you off for a while.'"

"How long for?" is the usual response.

"Oh! I don't know—maybe six months—maybe a year—or two years or ten years—I don't know!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Arab Stories.

Allah sitting in heaven kicked off one of his shoes, which fell into hell. So he said to our father Adam, "Oh, Adam, fetch my shoe;" but Adam answered, "Oh, Lord, I am thy slave; but I am made in thy likeness, and it is not, therefore, fitting for me to go among the devils." The Lord then turned to Hali Ibrahim, saying, "Oh, Hali Ibrahim, go, fetch my shoe."

Hali replied, "Remember, oh, Lord, that I am thy beloved one, and surely thou hast slaves who will do thy bidding." So the Lord Allah said to Moses, "Go fetch my shoe;" and Moses answered, "Oh, Lord, am I not thy lawgiver, and do the evil ones not hate me?"

Then Allah saw Jesus, and repeated his request, but he answered, "Allah, am I not thy spirit?" At length the Lord espied Mohammed—on whose name be peace—and calling him said, "Oh, Mohammed, surely thou wilt fetch my shoe." And our Lord Mohammed bowed his head as he answered, "Oh, my Lord, I hear and obey, for am I not thy prophet?" and he went.

Another tale was of two fellows (passants). One said, "If Allah were to die, who would bury him?" The other answered, "Oh, thou of small understanding, how canst thou talk so foolishly and like a child; of course the angels will bury him." To which the first replied, "Oh, thou of little faith and no knowledge, will not our prophet, who is sharper than any monkey, bury him?"—Murray's Magazine.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The light seen through the new eye-piece of the Lick telescope will be 2,000 times as bright as that seen by the naked eye.

The increase of about 1,000,000 people in thirteen years in Spain is attributed in a great measure to the success that has attended the changes in the hygienic condition of the large cities and towns.

The latest carrier-pigeon experiments in Europe show that the normal velocity of the bird is about 1210 yards a minute. With a fresh wind in the direction of the flight almost 2000 yards has been made.

The danger of infection from impure water is said to be only slightly reduced by filtration through sand, bacteria passing through at all times, but in larger numbers just after the filter has been cleaned and again after it has been used for some time.

Station, the eminent English engineer, says that a locomotive of the present type can run only the least trifle faster than eighty miles an hour. A higher speed is prevented by the resistance of the air, the friction, and the fact of the back pressure in the cylinders because of the impossibility of getting the exhaust steam out fast enough.

Taste is not equally distributed over the surface of the tongue. There are three distinct regions or tracts, each of which has to perform its own special office or function. The tip of the tongue is concerned mainly with pungent and acid tastes; the middle portion is sensitive chiefly to sweet or bitter, while the back or lower portion confines itself entirely to the flavors of rich, fatty substances. This subdivisions of faculties in the tongue makes each piece of food undergo three separate examinations, which must be successively passed before it is admitted into full participation in the human economy.

Adam might have been the "goodliest man of men since born" but it doesn't appear that he ever did anything especially good for his large family. What a testing blessing he might have left behind if he could have made salvation oil and kill pain.

When you break a promise you weaken the thread by which you hold your friend's confidence.

Geo. M. Walter, Messenger of the Adams Express Company, Baltimore, Md., says: "Having used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for the past ten years in my family, I wish to say that I consider it the best Cough Syrup I ever used. It has cured my children of croup several times and saved me many a doctor's bill."

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

Why not save your clothes, by using the best, purest, most economical soap, Dobbin's Electric. Made ever since 1861. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, Dobbin's.

"Where have been, dearest?" "I've just been shopping." "Where are your bundles?" "Why, didn't I say I had been simply shopping?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Earth has no greater joy than the discovery of a quarter in a cast-off vest.

A warm heart requires a cool head.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him by his firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio; Wallding, Kibben & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

The postage stamp sticks to its business and says nothing. Gum's the word.

Does Your Baby chafe easily? Use Talcum. "TALCUM-DINE" is the best powder for babies. CHAFING. Send 2c. in stamps for large box. Sample Free. Lucell, Bailey & Co., Box 115, New York.

Sixty per cent off—the ballet girl's costume.

Svedish Asthma Cure never fails. Send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

"A Patent Leather Mitten." Try Dixie's "Thru Hole" Mitten. It is quick, preserves leather. Family box has patent handle.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

THE POINT.

"A 1"

From a Catholic Archbishop down to the Poorest of the Poor

all testify, not only to the virtues of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

The Great Remedy For Pain,

but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently;

which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.

ELLY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

Why not save your clothes, by using the best, purest, most economical soap, Dobbin's Electric. Made ever since 1861. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, Dobbin's.

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The postage stamp sticks to its business and says nothing. Gum's the word.

Does Your Baby chafe easily? Use Talcum. "TALCUM-DINE" is the best powder for babies. CHAFING. Send 2c. in stamps for large box. Sample Free. Lucell, Bailey & Co., Box 115, New York.

Sixty per cent off—the ballet girl's costume.

Svedish Asthma Cure never fails. Send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

"A Patent Leather Mitten." Try Dixie's "Thru Hole" Mitten. It is quick, preserves leather. Family box has patent handle.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

ST. JACOBS OIL, The Great Remedy For Pain, but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus: It Cures Promptly, Permanently;

which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.

ELLY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

Why not save your clothes, by using the best, purest, most economical soap, Dobbin's Electric. Made ever since 1861. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, Dobbin's.

"Where have been, dearest?" "I've just been shopping." "Where are your bundles?" "Why, didn't I say I had been simply shopping?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Earth has no greater joy than the discovery of a quarter in a cast-off vest.

A warm heart requires a cool head.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him by his firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio; Wallding, Kibben & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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ELLY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

FARMERS, MERCHANTS, Seed Men, Commission and Claims to Law and Collecting Agency, National Office, 116 Washington Street, Chicago. Infer Bank of Mon. treat, E. A. Hartwell. Reliable firms. Prompt returns.

PATENTS FREE INFORMATION. Clean homes for all. Send stamp for illustrated "Home-seeker." D. M. Crosby, 92 Franklin St., N. Y.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample pair, 10c. The Pedine Co., New York.

PATENTS obtained. Free Moderate. Information and advice. J. R. Little, up. Pat. office, Washington, D. C.

LADY AGENTS—Send for terms. VAN COTTEN CO., 23 Clinton Place, N. Y.

LADIES write for terms. 13 Sample Court free to state. Lewis Schiele & Co., 311 W. 4th, N. Y.

M. N. P. Co., CHICAGO Vol. V.—No. 49

ELLY'S Cream Balm Cures COLD HEAD RELIEVES INSTANTLY. ELLY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

You want Scales FOR FREE CATALOGUE JONES of BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

We offer you a ready made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so-called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained to a wide sale. Call it a "Nostrum" if you will, but believe us when we say that at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE MARK.

ELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

The King's Daughters

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME, President of the Order.

A NEW DEPARTMENT IN

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Entirely devoted to the best interests of the order of the "King's Daughters," and of striking interest to every "King's Daughter" in the land. It will be written and edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the founder and President of the Order, who in this department, will give each month "talks" similar to those which she made famous last winter in the drawing-rooms of the best New York houses.

Is a department which is read every month by thousands of girls who buy the JOURNAL for this feature alone. Every point in a girl's life is here treated: what is best for her to wear; most becoming

manners in society; behavior; all told in a chatty manner by one of the brightest writers in the land.

CONTENTS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE:

HOW TO LEARN TO TALK WELL; A MISTAKE YOU MAKE; HOW TO BE PRETTY THIS FALL; SAYING "GOOD MORNING;" MANNERS WHEN AT CHURCH; MY GIRLS' MOTHERS.

For One Dollar We will mail the Journal from now to January 1, 1893—that is, the balance of this year FREE, and a FULL YEAR from January 1st, 1893, to January 1st, 1894. Also, our handsome 40-page Premium Catalogue, illustrating a thousand articles, and including "Art Needlework Instructions," by Mrs. A. R. RAMSEY; also Kensington Art Designs, by JAMES CLARK, of London.

CASH PAYING CUSTOMERS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO TRADE AT C. O. FOLTZ.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPING.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
HAINESVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.
PUBLISHED BY
J. J. BURKE.
From the Press of the Antioch News.
Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

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EVERYBODY READS
THE ANTIOCH NEWS,
BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST.

For Sheriff.

ALBERT F. CONRAD, City Marshal of Waukegan, is hereby announced as an independent candidate for the office of Sheriff of Lake County, subject to the will of the people, to be expressed by their votes this fall.

We understand that George W. Murch has made a thorough canvass of the 8th Senatorial district, in an effort to collect his little flock into some secluded dell where the winds of November will not reach them. Nick White says there are only a few, and in order to preserve the species it is necessary that they flock early in November.

The Republican voters of Lake County should remember that in order to elect Hon. C. A. Partridge it is necessary that every Republican voter should plump three straight votes for him in Lake County. If your Democratic fellow-citizens have got into a muddle it is not your funeral and there is no reason why you should be one of the mourners, or even drive the hearse; and, if you succeed in electing all three of your men it may teach the democrats a useful and valuable lesson.

If Bro. Coon, of the Gazette wished to be fair he would have said in his last week's edition that the late Democratic County Convention endorsed not nominated, Al. Conrad for Sheriff, as such was the facts in the case. If he did not know the facts he should not have attempted to give them, and thus expose his ignorance of the subject. In regard to the Convention being largely composed of Murch men, Bro. Coon is away off, in fact don't know what he is talking about, or else wilfully misrepresents.

A man is judged by the deeds he commits. Were this fact more firmly fixed on the minds of many young men throughout the country today, we would hear fewer reports of insults offered to public speakers simply because the political views of the latter differ somewhat from those of the former. A man has no excuse for being a rowdy, and a young man, or an old one either, who will willingly disturb a speaker while making a public address on matters of vital interest to the people at large, is little better than a rowdy.

The steel cruiser San Francisco is without doubt one of the finest ships now in the United States navy. In the recent trial trip she maintained a speed of 19.7 knots per hour for the four hours consecutive run. The turning and reversing trials, proved the ship to be perfect in that respect. It was found that by throwing the helm hard over and reversing one engine while the other went ahead the vessel turned as if on a pivot, the diameter of the circle actually made being less than the ship's length. The dimensions of the vessel are: length, 328 ft.; length on load line 310 feet; breadth 49 feet; displacement 4,038 ton; horse power natural draught 7,500 horse; forced draught 11,000 horse. The weight of her machinery is 914.12 tons.

If the democrats wish to see the Republicans elect three men this fall they will serve the purpose best by fooling away their votes upon George W. Murch, a man who agreed to abide by the decision of the State Central Committee and violated his agreement, and a man who to-day is responsible for the third candidate being placed in the field by the Republican party by keeping up the sectional strife in the democratic ranks after he had been fairly adjudged by the State Central Committee only a pretender to the nomination of the democratic party.

Vote three straight votes for John C. Donnelly and show the pretender Murch and his coterie of ambitious followers that you do not have to look to the Republican papers of the district for democratic doctrine.

In the Gray's Lake Enterprise of last week our friend the valiant Captain (?) Rhoderick Dhue Parker, makes a feeble attempt to be funny at the expense of the late democratic County Convention, and says that little Johnnie Donnelly was there trying to brace up the weak kneed ones of the party. We were there and have a distinct recollection of seeing the Captain (?) and were forcibly impressed with his weak appearance, in fact the valiant Captain (?) looked sick and lonely as a frog after the pond had gone dry, and we were not surprised to hear his dismal croaking. One thing we wish to say for the benefit of our friend Parker is this, the democratic party of Lake County are fully capable of taking care of their own affairs without any outside assistance and are going to elect John C. Donnelly to the legislature and don't you forget it.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The Post office has been wired for electric lights.

County Clerk Dorsett is in Dakota at present on business.

The Northwestern employees have had their wages increased.

Mr. Pond has sold one of the new houses on County Street for \$1,000.

A. Zeese and family have returned after nearly two years spent in Europe.

C. A. Partridge spoke at a Republican meeting at Lake Forest Friday evening.

Albert Knox has commenced a house on his lot in the Sherman subdivision.

The Steam Fitters gave a ball Friday evening. Everything passed off pleasantly.

J. F. Powell has sold the east bank of Druce's Lake for \$1,500 to the Cedar Bay Club, of Chicago.

Attorney Starin and family will occupy Senator Mason's house on Grand Avenue during the winter.

The County has recently been flooded with free campaign documents, sent through the postoffice.

Wm. Melody is having a store erected North of his Hardware store on Genesee street. It is a one story frame structure.

Miss Eva Coykendall has been here from Chicago. She attended the marriage celebration of her brother, John Haggart.

States Attorney Heydecker has left his father, C. T. Heydecker of Wadsworth, in charge of his office while he is in the East.

E. W. Moy, conductor of the "cannon ball" train is away on a vacation and wedding tour. The bride was formerly Miss Attridge of Lake Forest.

Waukegan people may soon have their mail delivered at their door, as the House passed a bill appropriating \$100,000 to allow Postmaster General Wanamaker, to list the free delivery systems in small towns.

Mrs. Edna Bristol and her sister Miss Sweet have opened a boarding house in the American House, on State street. The house has undergone thorough repairs and is commodious. There are thirty boarders registered there.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cleveland of New York were recently here and expressed surprise at the growth of Waukegan since they were residents here. It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland was proprietor of the Peoples Drug store years ago.

A license has been issued at Springfield permitting the Waukegan City Railway, of Waukegan, to construct a street railway. Capital stock \$100,000. Incorporators: H. J. Page, F. D. Raymond and W. A. Starin. The company was incorporated with Waukegan's future needs in view.

Byron Shullis was married to Miss Lillian Smith, of White Hall, Ills. Sunday evening, at the residence of his mother Mrs. F. E. Kines in Waukegan, by Rev. Pate, pastor of the M. E. Church.

THE COUNTY TICKET.

We notice in last week's edition of the Gazette that C. B. Soule declines to be a candidate for the office of County Judge on the Democratic ticket, which from the very nature of things appears to be a very logical conclusion for Mr. Soule to arrive at. Being a candidate in the Republican Convention for the same position he could not consistently feign to party principals become a candidate before another political organization without subjecting himself to adverse criticism from his party associates and therefore had no alternative but to decline. Judge Clark, the present incumbent is deservedly popular with the masses of voters in the county in both political parties and it would require considerable effort on the part of Mr. Soule's friends to give a valid reason why Judge Clark should not be elected. Lewis C. Dorsett, our present efficient County Clerk is too well known to the voters of Lake County to need any especial mention, suffice to say that nine out of every ten voters in the county if asked for their preference for County Clerk would answer Lewis C. Dorsett, and it was but the natural result of this decided preference, for the Democratic party to endorse his nomination. M. W. Marvin, our present able County Superintendent elected for a short term to the office by the Independent and Soldier voters in the County, over the Republican nominee, has shown such ability in the discharge of the duties of his office, and has given such general satisfaction it was but natural that the Republican party, recognizing in Mr. Marvin the popular choice of the masses, should have made him their candidate. The Democratic party from like causes could not have done other than endorse the nomination, and the News is pleased to think that there are at least two places on the County ticket that each party is willing to concede are filled by our best and ablest men. Mr. Jamieson, the Republican nominee for County Treasurer, from what the News is able to learn of him, is a worthy citizen, and we can see no reason why he should not receive the full party vote. Mr. C. A. Sauer the Democratic candidate for Treasurer, is not personally known to the editor of the News. We learn however, from those who are acquainted with him, that he is a worthy citizen and deserving soldier, who left a limb upon the blood stained battle-field of Pea Ridge; that he is honest and capable, we are fully assured and would fill the office of Treasurer with ability and honor. While we do not predict his election, yet we believe he should receive the loyal support of every Democrat in the county as a compliment at least, to his devotion to his country and loyalty to his party, as well as a just recognition of his ability and moral worth as a citizen and an honest man. Dighton Granger, the Republican nominee for Sheriff, is a native of the town of Grant, at least that has been his abiding place ever since we knew him, which dates back many years ago, in fact shortly after the close of the war when the hero of many a battle-field returned home and settled down to the peaceful avocation of tilling the soil. What his success in this line has been we are unable to say but judging from personal appearances he has kept in sight of the procession and has piled on his frame a store of avoirdupois that in a measure impedes his rapid locomotion in the race for the Shrievalty. His political opponents frankly admit that Dighton is a good fellow, while his friends concede that he is a little slow, in fact several laps behind the procession and steadily losing ground in the race. His opponent, Albert F. Conrad, Independent candidate for the office of Sheriff, is a young energetic man who is fully abreast of the times and awake to the necessities of the office, and who if elected will bring into the office a commanding

presence, coupled with an experience in the discharge of the several duties devolving upon the officer in charge of the criminal classes, that from the very nature of things it would be utterly impossible for Mr. Granger to have acquired. Elected six times to the office of City Marshal of Waukegan, he has had an abundant opportunity to study the different phases of human character and can more readily adapt himself to the discharge of the duties of the office. That he is popular, courteous and efficient is well attested by the popular favor in which the citizens of Waukegan, irrespective of party regard his candidacy, and as a natural result the Democratic party fully endorsed his candidacy and will cordially support him, believing him to be efficient and better qualified for the position than the Republican candidate, the News predicts his election. From the above exhaustive review, in which the News has endeavored to be fair, the general drift of our opinion may be gleaned, and to our readers in conclusion we would say, in the event of the election of any of the men above mentioned no serious mistake will be made by the voters of Lake County.

A. CHINN, Antioch. J. J. BURKE, Justice.

Chinn & Burke,
REAL-ESTATE,
LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.

We have for sale a number of desirable Residences, lots and farms in and around Antioch, and will attend to all matters pertaining to the renting, sale and transfer of the same.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT, on real-estate and other good security.

INVESTMENTS MADE, Rents etc. Collected on small commission.

Call in and see us in regard to Investments of all kinds, and learn what we can do for you in this line. Let us hear from you if you wish to buy, sell, lot or rent buildings or real-estate of any kind.

Years for Business,
CHINN & BURKE,
ANTIOCH, ILL.

NEW FIRM!
MONTGOMERY & STORY.
NEW GOODS,
— AND —
NEW PRICES.

Call and examine our fine line of

GROCERIES

— AND —

PROVISIONS:

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
ANTIOCH, ILL.

For the Season of 1890.

The undersigned with twenty-five years experience in this and adjoining counties in castrating horses and colts, again offers his service to those desiring them. References by the thousand, if called for. Orders by letter or telegram promptly attended to.

THOMAS McCLECK,
Waukegan or Gurnee Illinois

MISS LIZZIE FIDDLER,

a first-class and experienced

DRESS-MAKER:

is prepared to do dress-making.

WILL GO OUT BY THE DAY

Will be found at the residence of Mrs. Margaret Knoles,

MONAVILLE, ILLINOIS.



Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excelling remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hives, Hoarseness, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Coughs, Croup, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. Manufactured by the JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. Sure Cure for Hog Cholera. FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

NEW DRESS GOODS,

Ready for your Inspection.

I WILL MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Fine Dress Goods this Fall,

AND ASK ALL TO LOOK OVER MY FINE SELECTIONS BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE.

A LARGER AND BETTER STOCK OF CLOTHING

THAN EVER BEFORE.

New Goods Have Just Arrived.

New Styles in Fall Hats, New lines of Boots and Shoes, a large variety in all lines to select from.

THE BEST TRADING POINT IN LAKE CO THIS FALL WILL BE AT

C. O. FOLTZ,

Antioch, ILLINOIS.

WILLIAMS BROTHERS,
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Dry Goods, Notions!

CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, CARPETS, RUGS,
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
BOOTS AND SHOES.

GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS,
AND IN CONNECTION WITH OUR

HARDWARE STOCK,

WE HAVE ADDED A FULL LINE OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
BARLAND COAL AND WOOD HEATERS, RANGES AND WOOD COOKS.

MILK CANS!

THE BEST MADE AND HEAVIEST STOCK TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

NAILS, PUTTY, GLASS, BUILDING PAPER ETC.
THE MOST COMPLETE GENERAL STOCK IN LAKE CO.
AND SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.
AT OLD STAND FOR PAST 17 YEARS

Maud S. Curry Comb.

Patented Sep. 3, 1889.

F. G. KENT, Patentee,
WADSWORTH, - ILL.

BROTHER FARMER.

I hold letters of Patent on the MAUD S. CURRY COMB, I cannot sell to Manufacturers they want it all, not leaving me enough to hardly pay Patent expenses. It is the only Comb that is Scientific in principle, Comb and Brush combined; never clogs, wet, or dry, shedding mud water etc. The back move cleans it. Works equally as well in any condition, carrying dirt, water, virmin etc., ahead and off. Good for Scruff, mange, Heat-scabs, pink-eye, eruptions etc. Good for weeding, cleaning trees, cutting grass out of walks etc.

PRICE 25 CENTS, BY MAIL POST PAID.

In lots of 8, 10, 24 etc., by Express, much less, in order to make change.

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WADSWORTH, LAKE CO, ILLINOIS.

FOR RENT:

A good store with dwelling rooms overhead. For particulars call on or address: H. Thacker, Lake Villa, Ill.

E. H. AMES,
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Office at Residence,

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MISS ADDIE SHAFFER,
Invites the Ladies of Antioch and vicinity to call and inspect her new line of

FALL MILLINERY.

Prices Always Reasonable.
Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
Shop in Foltz' Store,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

Advertise your wants
IN THE ANTIOCH NEWS.